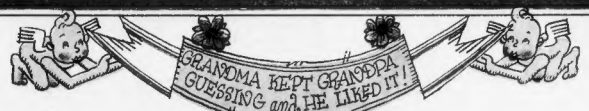
"If You Want to Be a Happy Husband Boss the Wife," Prof. Rogers---"Second the Motion!" Author Bodenheim



Both the M. I. T. Don and the Bohemian Writer Agree That Women, Bless 'Em, Are Getting the Upper Hand in This Man-Made World, and if It Keeps Up Good-by to Civilization (So-Called)

By D. A. Newton

"MEN must speed up to hold their time-honored places as bosses of the matrimonial premises."

The foregoing warning is from the thoughtful lips of Professor Robert E. Rogers of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to whom I had gone with the questions: "What is the mater with so many of our modern homes? Which is the superior sex?" And also, but this was a hazy generality: "What about love nowadays?"

I also took the matter up with Maxwell Bodenheim, of the bohemian Bodenheims, you know, who recently returned from Paris. (Mr. Bodenheim is the author of "Replenishing Jessica," a pulsating novel that caused head-shakes even in New York, where practically anything goes.) This, for the sake of a difference in point of view. But first, let us see what Professor Rogers has to say:

Must Feel Superior

"The happy husband," he continued, "whatever his pride in the glorious and gentle creature who is his mate, must feel superior to her.

"Find a man whose wife can beat him at swimming, tennis, and bridge, who is better informed than he and is able to make more money, and you have found a man who knows little of happiness unless he lacks a man's natural pride.

"This is, in part, the reason why we have such an alarming increase in the number of marriages gone, or going, on the rocks in America.

"Our divorce courts are working overtime. Too many of our homes haven't a child about the place to give it an atmosphere of sunshine, and are mere stopping places, where we eat and sleep.

"Let's frankly face the facts about a situation that is deplored so keenly. People who delight in theories attribute the cause to the restless life, to jazz, to petting parties, to a newly developed scorn of law, perhaps to sun spots. Yet, the commonest cause for unhappiness seldom is mentioned."

Professor Robert E. Rogers, obviously, is a man well qualified to discuss this big question and present remedies without theorizing or quibbling. Widely known as a lecturer, writer, psychologist, sociologist and character analyst, what makes his opinions seem particularly worth considering is their matter-of-factness. There can hardly be a man, woman, or child in America who does not know of the professor's thrilling remarks on snobs, low-brows, and dumbbells.

"The Main Works"

"Speaking of man's so-called superiority," he went on, "I imagine that Adam, discovering he could lift bigger stones than Eve, and carry heavier loads, called her attention to the fact.

"'I sure am the main works around here,' he no doubt said. 'I can run faster than you. I can jump higher and dive deeper. I'm a whole lot bigger and I've got more brains, also. It stands to reason that I can think faster and deeper.'

"'Well, Adam, we won't discuss it,' Eve replied placidly, knitting away on the fig-leaf sweater that she was planning to give him for his birthday, and charging him to take care of his clothes and make them last as long as they reasonably should.

"Then both allowed that they would be turning in, because tomorrow was to be a hard day, with the gardening and all.

"Then! Then!" declared Professor Rogers. "I didn't mean to get so far away from the old home town and the year 1931.

"Today what is required to make the average normal man happy in the state of matrimony?—And what is required to make the average normal woman happy?

What Girls Dream Of

"I believe the typical American does not marry in the hope of 'bettering' himself; that is, he is not influenced by a desire to obtain property, or to win a higher place in society, or to make himself more secure against misfortune.

"He marries because he has found a woman he loves. She may be poor, unknown and even homely. No matter. His love asks only the right to cherish and protect and share life with her.

"His masculine pride demands more. It demands the right to feel superior to her. Is he not a glorious male, the lord of creation and by immemorial right boss of the premises?

"Very well. Then he must be respected, leaned upon, and consulted.

"Here then is half the story. The other half is equally simple.

"The sex game is a woman's game. While the young man is dreaming of fame and fortune to be won, the young woman is dreaming of a man with fame and fortune to come along—a big-league man, brave, handsome, and chivalrous.

"She does not dream of marrying an inferior or even an equal, but always of marrying a man she can respect and admire. Her normal desire, whatever her skill in caring for herself, is to find a really high-class member of the sex.

"Well, our mothers and grandmothers only a generation or two ago considered that they could find superiors without great effort. Custom had made them timid, had kept them ignorant and had denied them the opportunity to develop self-reliance.

"Dear old grandma needed a man to lean upon. She watered the flowers, did fancy work, developed 'accomplishments,' and waited. When she was wooed and won she was happy.

"A woman's nature craves the same thing still, but superior beings are not so easily found. They are rare.

"This does not mean that men have gone backward, but only that women have gone forward—a great way forward—while the progress of men has been relatively small.

"The young woman of today who is educated and self-reliant does not meet many men who inspire in her any feeling akin to awe. She may yearn for a superior but she is a lucky girl if she finds one.

"If the man would establish and maintain the relations in which old-time connubial felicity often depended, they must in the vernacular of this bewildering age, 'step on it!'"

And now, after the briefest of pauses, let us interview Mr. Bodenheim.

In Paris, for the last year, Mr. Bodenheim has been busy imbibing his human nature at Montmartre, in such rendezvous as Mount Parnasse, the famous Bohemian restaurant. He has gone rolling up and down the Avenue de Boulogne and into the Bois. He has trotted, in his jaunty tweed cap, up and down the Rue de Rivoli, and in and out of the lighter of the French comic operas, with one idea in mind. To get this woman question settled.

And what women he has studied! American women abroad. French women at home. Women "making their own way, thanks to no man." Women frankly out husband-hunting. Women hunting not husbands, but a career. Feminist women, real and feminist women, spurious.

These feminists with their independent talk are all tosh. Ninety-eight per cent of the poor sillies don't believe in their feminism, deep down in their hearts. To pretend they are feminists is just their way of pulling the wool over their unhappy eyes.

What women really want, even more today than in the days of heavy matrimony, back in the times of General Grant, is old-fashioned marriage, with husband to browbeat and love and keep walking on the chalk mark. That's what all women—and all feminists—really want.

Even with all her tosh, he says, woman is way and ahead the superior animal to man. Woman, moreover, has a genuine grudge against man which most women are too gentle or too blind to express. That is the grudge against men's muscle. In the old days, the perfect husband considered it his duty to his wife to keep her well-beaten. A wife who never boasted a black eye was a wife whose husband was too little interested in her. Today the power of male muscles still rules, only in a different way and even more cruelly. He goes out today and makes money on Wall street and he gives his wife only as it pleases him. The better she is at wheedling him, the more dollars she gets—very often. Thus women are still kept down.

All serious-minded mothers of the race should study these reflections, as the thoughts of a man who should know. For Mr. Bodenheim is the same poet who once achieved fame in what might be called "The Retreat From Provincetown."

It seems he was present in that colony of art and temperament with a young lady whose father did not know, till later, that she was out. When Papa came to bring her home, Mr. Bodenheim and his lassie took to taxicabs, from Provincetown to Dorchester, with stops at way stations.

And then—— Oh, well, let's just say, "and then." The whole affair was so involved.

"When I sailed abroad," Mr. Bodenheim said, "I still believed the feminist movement was a real movement, genuine with a future. Since my recent studies I have become convinced that 98 per cent of the feminists are all tosh.

Oh, Pretty Clothes!

"Now take the American girl abroad. She has sailed to study art. Perhaps her Middle Western family have even mortgaged the cow to raise the money for her to study art. How does she study it? Ninety-nine of her out of 100 study it by accumulating all the alcoholic and other experience by sitting about cafes in Montmartre.

"But the feminist abroad is no more ridiculous than the feminist in America. And of all the sillies, the feminist who refuses to sign her husband's name, yet insists upon wearing a weak imitation of his clothes, is the worst.

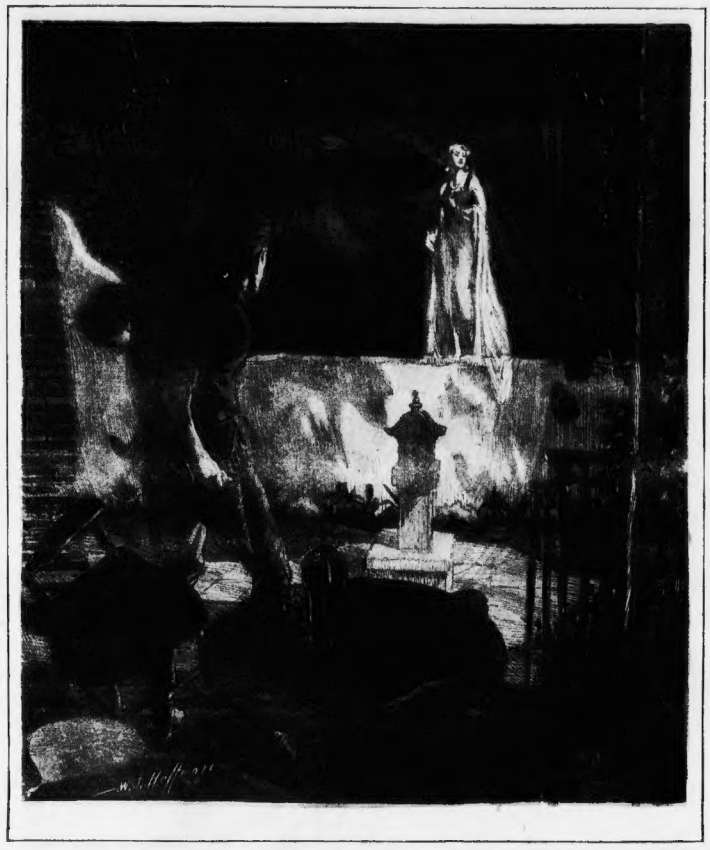
"Now, take the feminist who seems to believe she will achieve greatness if she dresses like a man. Let's consider the subject of men's clothes for a little. Stiff, dark, colorless, allowing too little for ventilation, unoriginal, a uniform hot in summer, stereotyped in winter. Consider, further, men's party clothes. Stiff boiled shirt, suit of black, lugubrious ensemble. And doesn't the average, natural man fight his wife to be allowed to stay out of his party clothes? But it is just these clothes,

(Continued on Page 10, This Section.)

Girl's Grim Desire for Vengeance and Pat Conners' Striking Resemblance to Spanish Don Brought Killers to Swift Justice

Former Boston Newsboy, as Special Agent of Philippine Constabulary, Used Colony of Fighting Sikhs and Played Part of Criminals' Chieftain to Break Up Ravaging Gangs That Were a Forecast of Modern Racketeers

Suzanne Kyner of the Smithsonian Institution holding one of the razor edge bolos used by Philippine bandits. This knife was part of a collection made by General Pershing.



On the top of the wall, ghost-like in the moonlight, appeared a woman. Drop ping lightly to the ground, she gazed about her, and sighting me, came forward.

BY C. A. FREEMAN

(Famous Boston Author and Globe Trotter)

AN outstanding figure among the adventurous New Englanders with whom I came in contact during my quarter century residence in the Far East was Patrick Conners. In appearance he might have stepped down from a painting by Velasquez, for though of western Ireland ancestry he was typically Spanish. Jet black eyes and hair, swarthy skin, sharp aquiline features and standing six feet in his socks, Pat was a man that women looked at twice.

I believe that he was born in the South End. And I knew that he had sold newspapers on the streets of Boston—for he told me so. But he certainly was one of the cleverest special agents ever employed by the Philippine Constabulary. His round-up of the Gonzales-Moroso gangs reads like a sword-and-cloak romance even in the musty files of the Constabulary records. But I had the story from his own lips. And here it is, as he told it.

"One evening during the early period of American occupation," the Bostonian began, "I was lounging in the walled garden of my home in the suburbs of Manila. Sweet odors came from that garden—odors of the 'sapaguita' flowers and the 'Dama de Notche' which blossoms only after dark.

Vengeance

Suddenly something grated. I leaped to my feet, my hand dropping to the butt of the heavy Colts which seldom left my side. Then on the top of the wall, ghostlike in the moonlight, appeared a woman. Dropping lightly to the ground she gazed about her, and sighting me came forward. Whom could this most unceremonious visitor be?

"As she came closer I knew. Rosa Martinez, the beautiful half-caste consort for Carlos Alupong, the drug addict and all-around crook for whom I had been searching. For Carlos was more than suspected of being the messenger of several bandit gangs then operating in Luzon.

"'Mungunding gabi po—Good evening to you Don Patricio,' murmured the 'mestiza.' Then as I thrust forward a chair she sank into it and burst into a violent fit of sobbing. In this man-hunting trade one learns much and I had learned never to interfere when a woman commences to cry. So I sat silent and smoked.

"Finally the sobs ceased. The girl sat up. 'Snap on the lights for an instant, and then snap them out again,' she directed. 'I prefer to talk in the shadows, but there is something which you must see.'

"I touched a button, flooding the garden with light. Glanced sharply at Rosa. The entire right side of her face was a ghastly bruise. Out went the lights. And the 'mestiza' commenced to speak. 'Never in my life have I been a duga'—a rat that squeals—but now . . .

"Carlos Alupong has struck me for the last time. I want vengeance and have come to you knowing that you're on that brute's trail. But first let me ask what you know of the Gonzales-Moroso groups of 'tulisanes'?

"'Not much more than what all Luzon knows,' I confessed. 'Diego Gonzales is a Spaniard operating in central and northern Luzon. His gang is largely composed of men from Cainta—a nice bunch of cut-throats.'

Betrayal

"'Right,' assented the girl. 'And you much resemble that Spanish wolf. Oh how I hate him! One he tried to . . . But go on. Tell me of Moroso.'

"'Of him,' I answered, 'I only know that he is squat, ugly as sin, and is a full-blooded Filipino. A Tagalog tribesman who rules a band operating in the mountains of southern Luzon. His record is even more bloodstained than that of the Spaniard.

"'We have information that Gonzales and Moroso correspond with each other although they have never met. Sort of mutual admiration society I guess. And that they vie with each other in the commission of atrocities. A price is on the heads of both men, and their followers are outlawed.' I paused. Lighted another cigarette, and again was silent.

"The girl leaned forward. Gripped my arm. Even in the moonlight her eyes glowed with hatred. Through the cob-web fabric of her 'pina' waist I caught the dull glint of the silver hilt of a poinard. 'Listen Don Patricio. Here is the truth. Carlos Alupong is the go-between for both these bandit leaders.

"'Even now he has in his possession a letter written by Gonzales in answer to Moroso's request that they join forces. I have seen that letter which Carlos will take to Legaspi tomorrow on the Donna Paula. Gonzales encloses a picture of himself taken with his Cainta men and promises to march his gang down the wild coast to meet Moroso at a stated point. Later both gangs will attack the Constabulary guard at Paracale. Then after the guard is wiped out they will raid the American gold mines, kill all whites, and retreat to the hills. In the letter is given the date set for the meeting. Perhaps you can do something. But what I want is to see Carlos Alupong doing a long jolt over the gray walls of Bilibid Prison.'"

The Confession

"Ten minutes later Rosa had gone. And I was cudgelling my brains as to the best manner in which to trap two bandit gangs whose members were as cruel and crafty as the 'mosong'—the wildcat of the jungles. It was dawn before my plan was made. And even then it was not perfect.

"It was an easy matter to take Carlos Alupong as he boarded the steamer. And we of the Constabulary have means of making a prisoner talk. Finally, screaming with sheer terror of the unknown, the drug addict came clean. Moreover, I had his promise to assist me in exchange for a pardon after he had served a few months. A pardon plus transportation to any port on the China coast he might wish to name. 'Don't laugh when I speak of a drug addict's promise. Alupong feared me almost as much as he feared death—and he knew it would spell death if he betrayed me. Never would the Constabulary cease to dog his trail.

"He was trembling like a leaf when I freed him. I handed him back his gun and razor-edged parang, besides the Gonzales letter and photograph. 'Remember instructions,' I told him. 'And on the morning of the 20th be on the watch for me at the point on the coast that I've mentioned.'

"'You will have a strong force of Constabulary with you?' queried Alupong.

"In answer I swung my open hand to his jaw knocking him into a corner. 'Go dog.' I snapped. 'And tell Moroso that Diego Gonzales will soon be with him.' Then I kicked Carlos Alupong into the street. Brutal? Yes—but he was getting a sample of his own medicine. Only by fear can a Malay criminal be dominated, and the stake I was playing for was great. Long was the death toll of the bandits. And Luzon must be ridded of their hateful presence."

Pat Connors reached across the table for a bottle and glass. Poured himself a stiff drink. It was a far cry from the busy streets of Boston to the dank jungles which had been the scenes of his adventures. "I suppose you'll be making me out a bloody-minded scoundrel if you write of what I'm telling you."

"But we've had to fight fire with fire out here." Pat was smiling as he spoke. Then his expression changed. Once more he was the man-hunter, cool and calculating.

"Now we'll have to hark back to the past," he went on.

"It's so you'll understand what's coming next. Back in 1762 the British took Manila. They took Havana at the same time. Pulled down the red and gold standard of Spain wherever they found it. But they didn't do so without a fight. When General Draper came ashore here he had with him, besides his white troops, two regiments of East Indians. Hawk-featured, dark-skinned men; born fighters.

"British occupation lasted for two years. By that time the East Indians had acquired native wives. And when peace came and the British were ordered to evacuate the islands the dark-skinned men didn't want to go. 'Pay us off in guns and ammunition,' they said, 'and leave us here. This country suits us. Besides, to take us back to India will cost the 'raj' much money. We will wrest our own territory from the grip of the Spaniards and settle down to agriculture.'

"Draper consented. Those were parlous times. And the last he saw of his East Indians was when they cheered him from the great 'bankas' in which they paddled up the Pasig River.

"The brown men settled at Cainta 30 miles up stream. There their descendants live to this day. The Filipino blood strain has not altered their features. Typical Sikhs the men are, but for long hair and beards. Yet their dialect is Tagalog, except for the retention of a few Sikh words."

Again the Bostonian paused as if to let this bit of the past sink in. Then he continued: "After sending Moroso word that Diego Gonzales and his Cainta men would join him, I cast about for Sikhs. There were plenty in Manila but they would do no manual labor. Watchmen's jobs were what they sought. And such jobs were not plentiful. Almost all the Sikhs in the Philippines had served in the Indian army.

"Many possessed service medals. But there was no fighting in the Philippines in which they might participate.

Getting Your Fighters

"And now there might be an opportunity. The Chief of Constabulary had granted me unlimited authority and money looking towards the elimination of banditry. I might do almost anything, provided I produced results. And so I hunted for and found old Kitchen Singh.

"He was an old-timer, white of beard and hair, but the recognized leader of the Sikhs. And square as a die. He had served me more than once. But alone. Now I wanted 50 of his men.

"'Kitchen Sing,' I said, when we met in a bamboo 'cantina', 'I have work for you. Work that you'll like, you old bloodhound. Yes and work for other Sikhs as well. It will last for at least a month, and the pay will be good but—it will require a sacrifice.'

"'You mean fighting?' questioned the Sikh, his eyes boring into mine. I nodded. Then came the query, 'And the sacrifice?'

"'That of long hair and beards,'" I replied. 'If you go with me on the out trails, all of you must be cleanly shaven.'

"The Sikh gulped. 'Hair and beards will grow again, sahib. If you promise fighting, I will supply the men, though to our idea the sacrifice is great. The pay, sahib—how much will it be?' The Sikhs are as canny as the Scotch in money matters.

"'One hundred pesos to you and 40 to each man. Besides that rations. Chicken and the goats' (in which the Sikh palate delight). 'And perhaps a chance of bandit loot—if the dead lie thick.'

"Through the Sikh's white beard I saw a grin. 'Hukkum hai,' he said. 'The sahib's offer is good. Now tell me what is required.'

"We came ashore at Tres Palmas point on the morning agreed upon. Carlos Alupong was waiting. His eyes widened at the sight of the motley throng of Sikhs.

The Battle

"They carried every conceivable kind of rifle, all supplied from the Department of Confiscated Firearms. But he dared ask no questions. 'Moroso is waiting for the arrival of Diego Gonzales,' he said, 'and is unsuspicious. But he is expecting Cainta men—not these "Bombays." As for yourself, you will easily pass for Gonzales, yet' . . . his voice trailed off into silence. Kitchen Singh's Sikhs were busy barbering.

"With clippers, shears and razors, provided by me, off came all hirsute adornments. Turbans were tossed into the brush. Wide straw hats replaced them. Clad in tawdry finery, the Sikhs had been transformed into Cainta men. The masquerade was perfect.

"'Hike,' I barked. And with Carlos Alupong in the lead we got under way. Up we climbed over a rocky trail. Then travelled through breast-high cogaon grass for an hour to emerge in front of a bowl-like ring of rocks. Here sentries challenged us. Moroso's sentries.

"Alupong answered, and the guard saluted as we entered, my Sikhs preserving silence. Bandit quarters of bamboo thatched with "nipa" palm ringed the bowl. A gaudily clad native whom I knew to be Moroso, hurrried forward. Bowed low in greeting. 'Welcome Don Diego Gonzales,' he grinned, dispaying a set of teeth blackened by the use of betel nut.

"'I would have known the illustrious Spaniard anywhere by the picture you sent me. And now together we will wipe out the Constabulary dogs and the Americans in Paracale. Has the march been wearisome?'

"It was time for the show-down. Jerking my Colt's, I thrust it into Moroso's face. Monkey-like he dropped to his knees; gripped my legs; tried to pull me down. I toppled. And, as I did so, rifles commenced to crack. Loud came the war-cry of Sikhs. They were at the kill. Over and over rolled Moroso and I. He tried to gouge my eyes, but my Colt's blazed once from beneath his chin. I was on my feet again. Firing at panic-stricken bandits. With their chief down there was but little resistance.

"The Sikhs took no prisoners. Headquarters wanted none. Outlawry in the Philippines was the equivalent to a death sentence. I photographed the body of Moroso, and then we buried the dead.

"Two days later, Carlos Alupong led Diego Gonzales to the banks of the Clueut River. Saw the gang aboard bamboo ferry rafts, and told the leader that Moroso was awaiting him a short day's march away. We opened fire when the bandits were in midstream. It was hardly a fight—an execution, rather. Crocodiles, attracted by the blood, swarmed about and finished the work. Diego Gonzales, drilled through the body, was still alive when his raft drifted ashore on a sandbar near me. I waded out; spoke to him.

"The Spaniard's glazing eyes looked up at me. 'A white man,' he murmured in his native tongue. 'A white man—some satisfaction—at least.' And then the bloodstained soul of the bandit went west.

"I'll always remember my reception at headquarters when I returned to Manila. The chief wrote me an order for a check and granted me three months' leave. I went to Shanghai, of course, as do all good Americans when they have money. Ber, after all, I hadn't done so much. It was just a lucky break because I resembled Diego Gonzales and knew my Philippines."

No Over-Emphasis! Everybody Gets a Chance and That's Why College Girls Are Beating Men at Their Own Game of Sports

More College Girls Are Proficient in Winter Athletics Than College Men, Simply Because the "Will to Win" Is Subordinated to the Idea of Building Up Splendid Bodies and Letting Everybody Have Some Fun, Says Ruth Elliott, Prof. of Physical Education at Wellesley

Tobogganing is a sport that doesn't require much skill unless there's a man going down the slide with you.

Lacrosse is listed as one of the strenuous sports for girls, and a girl has to be in mighty good condition to stand the gaff. Here is a group at Smith College having a bit of fun.

BY J. R. MILNE

PRETTY girls, vibrant girls, girls with running feet and dancing hearts, who smash tennis balls with the bold vigor of a Helen Wills Moody, who take graceful stance and swipe the little white ball down the fairway; who can swim, and skate, and ski; who have no fear of either sun or snow, whose cheeks glow with health, whose figures bend lithely, drawing the world's eye to lovely curves——

Girls who are beating men at man's own game!

Championships? Oh, what do cups and records matter! But think of being a Champion of Fun, a Champion of Good Comradeship—a Champion at the all-important art of living happily, getting every bit of zest there is to get out of life—and brightening the whole world up.

The girls are doing it. They watched the way the boys went about their sports and then—they did the exact opposite. The result is a huge success.

Girls Were Smart

"It was Dan Chase who explained the difference between boys' athletics and girls' athletics," Miss Ruth Elliott, Professor of Hygiene and Physical Education at Wellesley, and chairman of the department, said to me the other day.

With a pencil and a sheet of paper she illustrated. She drew two triangles, each equilateral or thereabouts. One rested firmly on its base; the other was poised dangerously with point down, base up.

"Mr. Chase," Miss Elliott said, "compared sports in men's colleges to a triangle that rested on its point—the small point representing intercollegiate team activities—football, baseball, hockey, and so on. They have been of first importance. The triangle broadens upward, as it includes athletic activities for the individual.

"Sports in women's colleges are represented by the triangle that rests securely on its base. In Wellesley, and at several other women's colleges, the needs of the individual are of greatest important. Athletics are conducted for the benefit of every girl in school. Intercollegiate team activities have their place; but these activities are kept within proper bounds. Women's colleges do not need a cure for this over-emphasis that is so much talked about; there never has been over-emphasis."

I think it was George Owen, broker and professional hockey player, now, but one-time captain of a Harvard football team, who said: "I wish I had learned to play tennis instead. It would have done me a lot more good, once I got out of college. You can't take your football with you."

Life's Full of Fun

But the girls who go forth (to conquer the world or the hearts of men) from Wellesley, Radcliffe, Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Wheaton, Vassar, Barnard, Jackson or any other women's college that has rested the athletic triangle on its base, have no complaint to make. They have their tennis, and golf, and swimming, and skating, and skiing. Their parties are never dull.

"When a girl is coming to Wellesley," said Miss Elliott, explaining the way in which women's colleges look after the health of students and their future athletic welfare, "our resident physician, Doctor Broyles, studies her health record, using the blank that comes from the prospective student's own physician.

"If the record indicates that the girl will have difficulties in adjusting herself to college life, a letter is sent to the parents. If she is too easily fatigued, it may be suggested that she stay away from college for a year. If she is lame, her parents are told of the amount of walking that life on the Wellesley campus entails.

"Entering college, the student gets a thorough examination. We do not rely upon the girl's own physician: he may be either lenient or strict. Or summer may have made changes in the girl's health.

"After all that, students are divided into two classes: regular and restricted. Those restricted may elect sports from a certain group."

All Kinds of Sport

Wellesley has arranged sports in three classes: strenuous, medium, and light. For the benefit of girl readers who may want to know just what sort of sport they are best fitted for, let us tabulate them:

Strenuous: Hockey, basketball, acrosse, crew, track.
Medium: Tennis, riding, baseball, badminton, deck tennis.
Light: Archery, golf.

"A girl has three choices—subject always to the approva of the department. And here is an interesting point—showing a difference between sports in men's colleges and sports in colleges like Wellesley.

"It is our aim to give the same importance to light sports as to strenuous sports. The athletic association has teams in all sports—and we do not distinguish between major sports and minor sports. The girl, you see, is not used for the glory of the sport, but the sport for the glory of the girl.

"Golf, light as it is, we look upon as a sport of considerable importance. A girl who takes up golf has the constant incentive to better her score. The game takes a hold upon her. She continues it after leaving college. So that, in its way, we look upon it as being quite as good, for instance, as basketball.

"We require two seasons of team sport and two seasons of individual sport. Each girl, therefore, gets training both ways."

Mustn't Be Moody

Team sports, it seems, have an indispensable place. In spite of the advantages of a game like golf, for example, a girl could not and should not be encouraged to play golf to the exclusion of everything else. Miss Elliott pointed out that a girl who found her chief pleasure in striding alone around a golf-links, battling par, would, if she showed a disinclination for sports with other girls, be rightly suspected of a moodiness, a desire to commune with herself too much—too much, that is, for her own good.

The team sport requirement of the college solves that difficulty, and without robbing the girl of her love of golf. She goes right on with her preferred sport—and gets a cure for moodiness in addition.

"One of the most popular of all sports," Miss Elliott told me, "is crew. Nearly all the girls are enthusiastic over it, but only a comparative few can take part, of course.

"One of the requirements for crew is good posture. I have been asked what the reason is for this, since crew is known to be so good for posture. The answer is that by making good posture a requisite, we give many girls an incentive to acquire good posture."

I spoke about winter sports. Miss Elliott is keen for them, and regrets that uncertain weather makes it very difficult to schedule team activities. There is some ice hockey, informal, at Wellesley, and skiing. Skiing, she declares, is a first-rate sport.

"What about tobogganing?" I asked.

She smiled. "Well, that's rather a passive sport, isn't it? No—not entirely, of course; you do have to walk up the hill after you slide down. And it takes you out into the air, gives you pleasure and excitement. Oh, it's good—in its way. But it doesn't require much skill."

Any Girl At All

Adequate transportation can do much for winter sports in New England, Miss Elliott declared. She praised the Boston & Maine Railroad, particularly, for the sports excursions it has been running, giving city folk a chance for a day out where there is real snow.

But returning to ordinary athletics in college, she said: "Even handicapped girls can be taken care of. The only problem is to select the sports that such girls are physically able to take part in. I have known paralyzed girls, victims of infantile paralysis, who got great fun and enough exercise from elementary golf, playing on only the first and the last holes.

"For some girls it would be absolutely impossible to play an entire nine holes. The walking would be too great a strain. But they can manage a short walk, and they can swing golf clubs. That same girl may be able to take part in archery. And a companion shooting at the same time will retrieve arrows for her, if she herself is unable to."

"What about beauty?" I asked. "Are these individual sports you encourage good for a girl's beauty?"

But Miss Elliott shied from that question. She was no expert. She couldn't say. It might seem to her that the streets of Wellesley were brighter when the girls were in town that these same streets dulled a little when the girls went home during vacation; it might seem that the eyes of a girl who tennised, or golfed, or played basketball were brighter than those of a girl who hugged the fire indoors. But as for beauty—how could she tell?

Have Fine Posture

"Many girls," she said, "have had good experience with sports before they come to college. And I think that there is little doubt that the posture of girls entering college is far better than it was 10 or 15 years ago. The credit for this goes to better instruction on the secondary level.

"The world, of course, has been convinced of the value of sports. But more important still, I think, is the fact that—to judge by the newspaper account of overemphasis—the world is gradually becoming convinced of the value of sports that benefit the mass of boys and girls."

We talked of great stadiums, of young athletes playing football to thrill hundreds of thousands of spectators, of athletes who made mistakes and who were pilloried for these mistakes—as if they, students and amateurs playing for the fun of it—must account to the public for their errors.

It was all wrong. College presidents from coast to coast, no doubt, were thoroughly convinced that the system was all wrong.

"But there's the alumni—" Miss Elliott smiled.

Men's colleges are bothered by alumni demanding victories. Not for an instant does Miss Elliott pooh-pooh the desire to win. She would not discourage the playing of a game with the will to win. But she would make the win unimportant except to the participants.

"I remember a play-day we had out here—tennis. There were girls from several colleges. But we did not pair them up in teams by colleges. We mixed them all up, so that a Wellesley girl, for example, would be the partner of a Simmons girl, and so on.

No Over-Emphasis

"The girls had great sport. They had the thrill of playing to win. But when the game was over, the victories of the winners left no deep sorrow with the losers; we all went into the village and had a bite to eat, carrying on the good time."

When Dan Chase, sporting leader, compared men's athletics to women's athletics, and found the side of the men weaker, he laid his finger on the exact reason—the infirm foundation.

"There is a strong swing from over-emphasis," Miss Elliott said. "Personally I think that this swing will go even further—that the pendulum has not reached the turning point. I feel that there will be an insistent demand that the average young man in college or school be given full opportunity to improve his health by sports, and that small teams engaged in intercollegiate activities should not be given so much attention.

"As for the individual sports themselves, I find a marked increase, year by year, here at Wellesley. More and more girls take them up. The only difficulty—and that holds for pretty nearly all sports—is to get the non-active girl started in her sporting career. Once she makes a beginning she needs no further encouragement. The game gets its grip on her. She finds that she is having the time of her life."

And when that girl gets through college!—Even WHILE she is in college.

I asked Miss Elliott how good a comrade such a girl, a good golfer, a good tennis player, a good paddler of a canoe, a good archer, skater, skier—a girl accomplished in any sport that does not require the colors of a college pennant to make it interesting—would be to the man she married.

Miss Elliott smiled. She nodded.

Lucky Husbands

Demands of social life, these days, necessitate a knowledge of sports, she agreed. What is a girl going to do when she goes to the shore or the mountain this summer? If she knows nothing of sports, what is there for her to do but play bridge, drive a car, and be taught, once again, how to swim?

But if she can play golf well enough—not TOO well—

If she can play tennis well enough—and not TOO well—

If she can paddle a canoe, and yet be the one who sits at the bow . . .

And Nature, luckily, has fixed these games. The average girl, experts say, is scarcely likely to beat the average man at any strenuous game; and so male pride does not suffer.

But the husband—or the sweetheart—will say to her: "Boy, you sure play a great game!" She's the girl to hold his heart and interest.

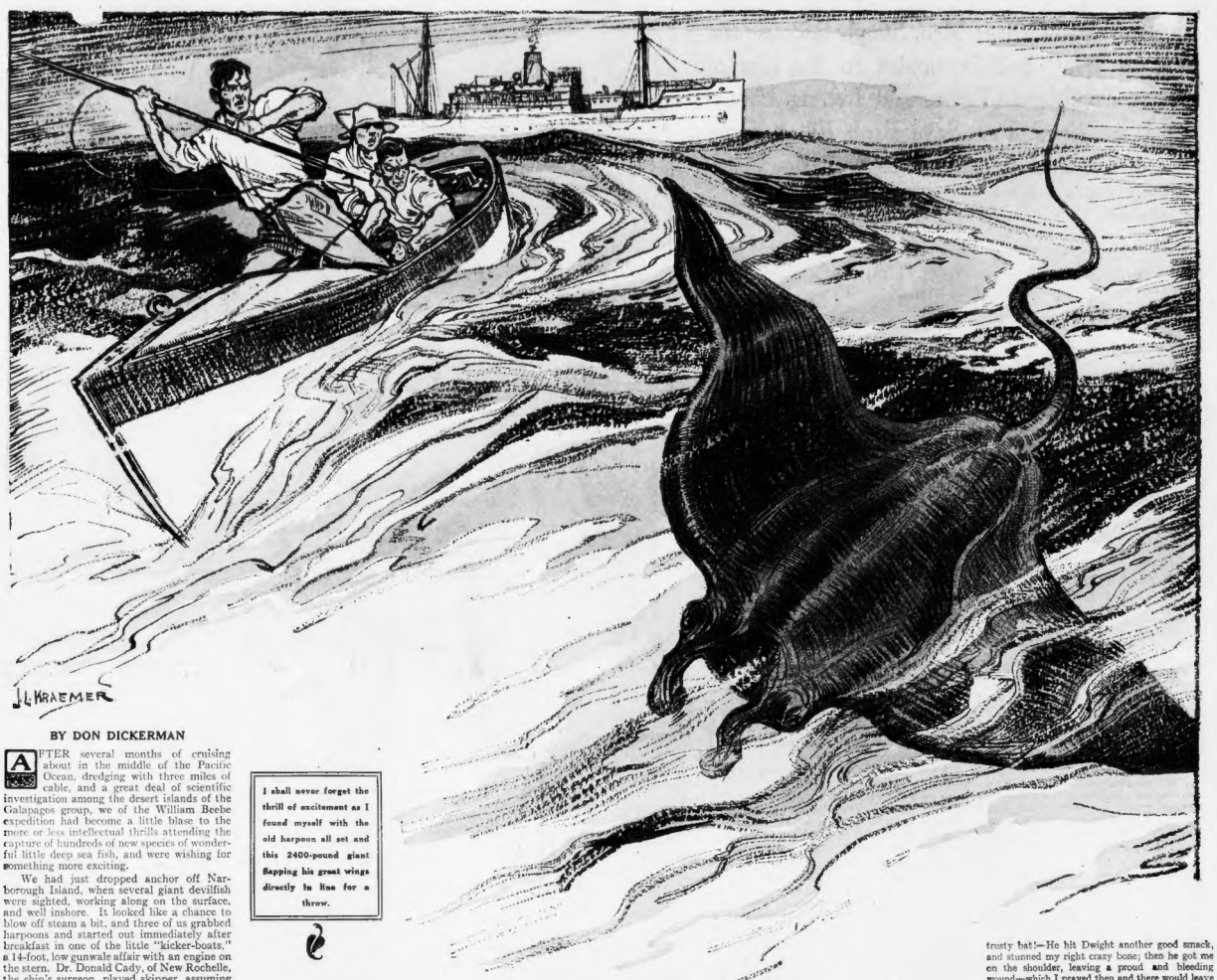
Field hockey is another rugged game that produces the splendid type of girl found in American colleges.

For those who are not built for the more strenuous games, archery and golf is advised. In the colleges the girls get both team and individual training.

The modern girl is keen for winter sports and gets more pleasure out of them than the college man does because she takes them less seriously.

Battling Satan of Deep-Sea Is Risky but Great Sport

Don Dickerman, of the William Beebe Expedition to the Galapagos, Describes His Rip-Roaring Fight With Ocean Monster That Weighed 2400 Pounds and Carried Whole Boatload of Men on Its Back Before Giving Up the Fight



BY DON DICKERMAN

AFTER several months of cruising about in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, dredging with three miles of cable, and a great deal of scientific investigation among the desert islands of the Galapagos group, we of the William Beebe expedition had become a little blase to the more or less intellectual thrills attending the capture of hundreds of new species of wonderful little deep sea fish, and were wishing for something more exciting.

We had just dropped anchor off Narborough Island, when several giant devilfish were sighted, working along on the surface, and well inshore. It looked like a chance to blow off steam a bit, and three of us grabbed harpoons and started out immediately after breakfast in one of the little "kicker-boats," a 14-foot, low gunwale affair with an engine on the stern. Dr. Donald Cady, of New Rochelle, the ship's surgeon, played skipper, assuming the "dirty-work" in running the engine. Dwight Franklin, artist, sculptor and fish preparateur, was the other member of our party.

We took two harpoon outfits. These consisted of the steel spear-point with rope and long handle attached. The rope runs up along the handle through several loops, and is tied firmly with a light piece of cord, holding the spearhead and the handle together, but arranged to break loose if a hit is scored and the head holds in the fish. The long handle, after coming loose, will work back along the rope until it can be cut away to leave the rope clear for action.

I shall never forget the thrill of excitement as I found myself with the old harpoon all set and this 2400-pound giant flapping his great wings directly in line for a throw.

Off for the Devilfish

For greater facility, a long length of rope is used, with a large wooden cask on the end, so that if you are forced to let go, to keep the boat from being swamped, the cask will keep the end of the rope afloat.

Dwight, by days of persevering and scouting for these monsters, had earned the bow position, which I insisted on his taking, and I arranged my outfit, in the middle of the boat. We were off!

As we chugged away from the ship, two of the crew shouted after us that they had seen two pairs of flippers maneuvering on the other side of the Arcturus, so we "put-putted" around the stern and soared up a pair of fish that measured about six feet across. We chased them both for some time, but they were timid and finally we gave it up and started toward the island where the large ones had been seen.

There we found plenty! The popular idea seems to be that a devilfish and an octopus are the same. The devil-ray fish is no relation to the octopus, but quite flat and of triangular shape, his greatest thickness being in the region of the head and stomach. His two great wings spread out on the sides and from the rear point of the triangle a long tail like the tail of a horseshoe crab is carried as a whip-like weapon. Over his head are two flippers which he uses to sweep the food into his mouth, which greatly resembles a subway entrance. It is the pair of flippers on the front of his head which gained for him the name of "devilfish."

The first one we spied measured probably 10 feet between the tips of its huge flapping wings, which appear usually both at once and sticking up about a foot or two above the surface. Now and then we could also see his large flat head roll out of the water a little, maybe eight or 10 inches above the surface at the highest point.

We chased this fish in circles for about 20 minutes, but he was very fast and made rapid turns, keeping just barely out of range until he finally sounded (dived) and disappeared for good and all. Then we spied several more, which, being more timid, either dived at once, or after chasing about a bit.

Finally we came upon a great swirling eddy with what looked like two fins of two different fish sticking out of the water. But they were the wing-tips of one great fish.

As we came up on him, he gave a great swish and disappeared, coming to the surface again off starboard with both huge wing-fins sticking up in the air three feet above the water. We raced after him and Dwight let fly, but he had aimed at a dark swirl, and the fins rose again almost immediately on the other side of the boat. We gave chase—and caught him just as he rose again! It was just off our starboard bow, and we both let him have it at almost the same instant. Dwight plunging first, hitting to the left center of his great head, while I threw mine from amidships just in time to catch him about 12 inches to the right of Dwight's

Devilfish Nearly Tipped the Boat Over

There was a mighty splash, the handle of Dwight's harpoon hitting us both as the fish dived under our boat and struck with his wings, raising the boat out of the water with a terrific jolt to an angle of 45 degrees, and then disappeared straight down, taking our rope out like a rocket.

This fish must have been 15 feet from tip to tip, and his tail measured probably 12 feet. That was the last we saw of him, harpoons, barrels and all; and though we watched all day, he never came to the surface.

As we bobbed around hopefully in our cockshell, waiting for him to come up, and looking for bubbles in all directions till our eyes nearly fell out, up came the Pawnee, our 28-foot launch, with Mr. Tams, the second mate; Shorty, our photographer, with his camera, and a load of ladies of the party, all screaming for action!

We dashed back to the Ark to get new equipment.

As we left the Ark, we spied the Pawnee, heading west along the shore, with all the ladies waving their arms in the air, so we headed full speed their way. On coming up with them, we nearly fell out of the boat with excitement. They were herding in front of them the most prodigious creature you could imagine—he seemed a bit annoyed by the launch, yet seemed to feel that nothing lived which was large enough to give him anything to worry about. Swimming contentedly along, he would come to the surface every 15 feet or so, waving the tips of his wings four or five feet above the water and showing a spread much greater than the width of our own boat. We howled with glee and drove straight for him.

Made Bay Look Like Geyser

He came to the surface, our bow just grazing his right flipper. Dwight let fly. Talk about action! He did a couple of somersaults that made the bay look like the Great Geyser, and charged off, pulling out the rope and beating the water as the other one had done, only making a terrible business of it. Then to our dismay we discovered that he had dislodged the harpoon, and upon pulling it in, we found that he had bent the steel three ways! We thought he would disappear any minute. But he continued to lash the water and bleed rivers. We were not quite certain whether he was too bold to consider retreat, or whether his brain had been stunned, but he continued to swim in circles around us, beating the water with his huge wings the way a gorilla beats his chest.

We straightened out the harpoon, and I took my turn in the bow while the Doc brought the boat into play and charged close to his right wing. I shall never forget the thrill of excitement as I found myself with the old harpoon all set, and this giant flapping away there, directly in line for a throw! I let him have it with everything I had in me!

The spear hit him fair in the head, and he turned a complete circle in one jump, side-swiping my left arm with the handle of the harpoon, and nearly upsetting our bout with a blow of his great flipper. And then the party was on! Yet he did not dive! On and on we rode all over the bay, as I hung on for dear life and braced my feet in the bow.

On and on we raced, while every second we expected to see him dive—then it would be the fish or the boat. But it did not last long. Evidently, feeling that the trouble was all over, he slackened his pace and flapped easily along, with the three of us racing merrily along in the trailing boat. I felt somehow that there was no great struggle coming, and that our only problem was to get him over to the Ark before he took it into his head to sound.

Waiting for the Fireworks to Begin

We had read in Dr. Grunther's "study of fishes" that "the capture of devilfishes of such large size is attended with danger, as they not rarely attack and capsize a boat." John Lawson wrote in 1714 that the devilfish has been known to weigh a ship's anchor and run with it a league or two, and then bring her back against the tide to almost the same place. The superstition was so strong that fishermen used to put down two anchors as a precaution against this.

At any rate, we were ready for anything, and expected him at any moment to do as we had been warned against, and jump into the air, to land astride of our boat and crash us to pieces, but as a matter of fact, we were in for a comparatively easy time of it. I found that it was possible to guide him on one side or the other, every now and then, with a baseball bat, which I had taken along for a handy cudgel. As he started in the general direction of our mother-ship, Bill Merriam arrived on the scene in his kicker boat with Ruth Rose and Lin Segal. On an inspiration of safety first, they tore madly off after another harpoon while the Pawnee continued to maneuvre around, and Shorty Schoedsack reeled in his motion pictures.

When Bill returned we were still sailing merrily about the bay and offered to take on passengers at 50 cents a ride! Then we rigged the new harpoon and Dwight took the bow. Stepping back amidships, I pulled in on our half-inch rope until the boat was fairly up on the back of the big fish—wings stretching out on both sides of us—while Dwight drove the second harpoon home with all his might. Then real fireworks!

Dwight caught a nasty blow on the arm from a wing-tip, and we both strained our utmost at the ropes as the acrobatics dragged us this way and that. To keep our ropes from becoming entangled, Dwight and I changed places again, while Bill handed Dwight his "six-gun," which he had brought out along with his shotgun and the extra harpoon.

He got under us somehow and raised our boat completely out of the water several times—once so that those on the other boats could see under both bow and stern. He slapped and flipped, and we dodged and sparred! He would whang at us with that whip-tail, and I would beat back with my trusty bat!—He hit Dwight another good smack, and stunned my right crazy bone; then he got me on the shoulder, leaving a proud and bleeding wound—which I prayed then and there would leave a proud and livid scar! This was our dragon that comes only maybe, and if at all, once in a lifetime! He lashed and fought and continued to drag us about, but he was getting weaker.

Following another salvo from our battleships, there was a terrific tug that nearly upset me out of the boat. The big boy had finally decided to beat a retreat! Both ropes had become snarled, and I clung to the knot, bracing my feet and putting every ounce of strength I had into it. If I had not let him have a few fathoms, he certainly would have swamped the boat, for we had already taken in water over the gunwale, several times.

I paid it out little by little and began to fear we were going to lose him, when I felt the strain relax—just a little—but enough so that by getting hold of a kink in the line and throwing everything against him, we came to a deadlock.

Right there was where I had the fight of my life. Screaming to Doc to get us over the boom which Mr. Tams, the second mate, was swinging out from the Ark, I braced every muscle and stood straight in from the gunwale—just balancing the boat and just barely holding the fish. It seemed that if he were to pull another four pounds, I was gone, but there was a little too much lead in the fish and he was about through. Dwight was madly working away at the lines, knotting them up to the tackle which had been dropped overboard to us from the big boom.

Weighed More Than a Ton!

"Yo-ho!" from Tams, as I felt the slack taken up and the strain taken out of my hands, I gratefully resigned the job to the Arcturus and the boys on deck. And we were almost hoisted on board, too! Our painter had become entangled in the snarled ropes, and we were rising from the water by the bow! Dwight jumped with his sheath knife, cut the painter and we backed away to watch the proceedings.

What a fish! It looked as if the bottom of the ocean were being brought up. The first tackle slipped, but the harpoons held. The second attempt was successful, and up he went. As the boom swung and cleared the gunwale, and we realized that he was on the deck of the Ark it was then that we drew our first full breath. The strain was broken and 50 throats opened up for a loud and raucous cheer.

From wing-tip to wing-tip he measured 18 feet, and weighing him piece by piece, he summed up 2400 pounds, just better than a ton! The eyeballs weighed 10 pounds apiece.

"Mata Hari Was An Absolute Failure As a Spy--- I Know, She Worked Under My Orders"---Mlle. Docteur

The Feared and Hated Woman Chief of the German Military Secret Service Relates for the First Time the True Story of Tragic, Exotic and Beautiful Dutch Girl Who Faced French Firing Squad, Accused of Bringing Death to Thousands of Allied Soldiers

By Mlle. Docteur
Germany's World War Super-Spy, Now Known as
DR. ELSBETH SCHRAGMUELLER

IT is of the highest importance to all modern States to put at the head of their Intelligence Services a man especially qualified for the job. Aside from all other qualities, he should possess a personal character which would guarantee that under his management the Intelligence Service will exercise the sole function which is its justification for being: namely, the procuring of whatever fundamental knowledge is necessary for guiding the destinies of the nation successfully.

Such a man must repress any personal desire for gaining private political objectives; must also ruthlessly keep his subordinates from political machination.

The Chief of Three-B met these requirements, exercising self-restraint, he demanded it also of his collaborators. They were strictly forbidden any individual political activity, whether it concerned domestic or foreign politics. For this reason, all subordinates had to submit to Colonel Nicolai for his approval any order to be given an agent if such order might have any political consequences.

From my own experience I may mention two incidents which came under this provision of the Chief's:

Bombarding Paris

When we began bombarding Paris with our long-distance guns we sought to weaken the morale and the power of resistance of the civilian population of the French capital. I was considering putting into effect an additional maneuver with the same objective, and decided upon counterfeiting French war bonds, which I meant to have distributed on a wide scale by an organization to be gotten up especially for the purpose.

The idea was that the French should discover that they were being flooded with falsifications just at the time that our shells were bursting on the Paris boulevards. The faith they had in their financial stability would be shattered simultaneously with their faith in their military invincibility.

The execution of a plan of this sort depended, of course, upon the approval of Colonel Nicolai. To put the matter briefly, he rejected it entirely on the ground that the plan gave no guarantee of decisive results, and, furthermore, that it might cause reactions prejudicial to Germany.

Another instance: on a patch of Belgian territory near Bar-le-Nassau, surrounded by Dutch soil, there was erected a broadcasting station from which reports of enemy agents were transmitted to the Allies, especially concerning the location of German troops within the occupied territories.

This station was a thorn in the flesh of our own post, and we asked the Chief's permission to have it dealt with by some of our "breaking-up" agents by means of explosives. This time also Colonel Nicolai refused. He held that it was not the business of the Intelligence Service of the General Staff to attend to all kinds of acts of sabotage and destruction.

A still more important reason for his refusal was that, to get to the broadcasting station, our agents would have to cross neutral Dutch soil carrying explosives. Such a violation of Dutch territory might have caused political reactions of the most serious kind.

Caution Was Needed

The Chief's decisions in the above cases were not influenced by the fact that the Intelligence Service of the enemy did not hesitate to send its own agents, furnished with explosives, across Dutch soil.

For instance, while enemy drives were in preparation it was a common occurrence that attempts were made to blow up the German Intelligence post at Antwerp, since the activity of this post in procuring information on the enemy's movements always made doubtful the success of their operations. It was worth something to them to get rid of us, for they well knew that the complicated workings of a Secret Intelligence post, if destroyed, might not be constructed by new men in a day or two.

The difficulties that the active Secret Service had to contend with had their foundation partly in the politically isolated position of Germany. For this reason we were forced to a caution regarding our steps in neutral countries which the Entente had no need to employ.

The Allies were able, as it pleased *them*, to conduct their intelligence bureaus in *connection* with their consulates and official residences, putting them in charge of the most experienced men in their service. Germany could *not afford* to act along these lines, for the *influence* which the Entente exercised in neutral countries would have made short work of German *Intelligence* posts there.

As an expedient we *resorted* to confidants and go-betweens. The *Allies* had the advantage that their agents could *be* interrogated and instructed by the Intelligence officers directly in charge of them while we *had* to work through intermediaries. Furthermore, *Allied* agents had only the hostile frontier to cross, while ours had both neutral and

Mysterious Mata Hari, who claimed that she was of Hindu decent, became the idol of Paris as a dancer of exotic rhythms. This photo was taken at the height of her career.

hostile to get through.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Swiss espionage-defense at the German border was less watchful than that of France, or inferior as to its staff. The Swiss espionage-defense, indeed, succeeded in catching and jailing a considerable number of German agents and their help-mates.

Mysterious Auto

It was a matter of course that each Intelligence officer in dealing with his agents took the greatest care not to brand them as spies by his associating with them. Within the occupied territory we had to take special additional measures to screen our agents from the prying observation of a native populace which felt its patriotic duty to be watching our quarters at Antwerp.

Very soon one of our protective measures began to play a prominent part in the news reports dealing with German espionage in the Allied press. It was the famous "Auto Mysterieuse," a black limousine, with tight-drawn curtains, often seen dashing through the streets of Antwerp.

The car, naturally, was a great mystery, but the truth is that there was seldom anyone inside it during its furious rushes through the city. The ruse of drawn curtains served to detract attention from the front seat where the agent was sitting next to the chauffeur, quite in the open, wearing a German soldier's uniform and looking like an orderly.

Such tricks, adopted for the personal safety of the agents, and regarded by the lay mind as one of the most essential parts of espionage, were in reality of subordinate significance. The same may be said of the thousands of little makeshifts cunningly devised by the agents to conceal their written notes or reports from the eyes of the enemy censor, or the officials of the border control.

The corollary war, or duel, between the Secret Intelligence Service and its adversary, the Espionage Defence Service of the enemy, was fought with weapons especially forged for each separate operation, methods constantly changing and constantly becoming more and more refined. The answer as to who proved the victor in this separate struggle can never be accurately established.

Lists in the secret archives of the warring nations containing the death-figures for enemy spies will not settle the argument, nor can it be decided by the mere number of spy survivors. The mask has, in most instances, never been torn from *their* faces. The removal of a single "big" agent *often* counted for as much as a hundred or more "average" agents.

"Mata Hari My Charge"

There can be no doubt that *the Espionage* Defence of the Allies did excellent *work* and dealt the German Intelligence Service *many a hard* blow. On the other hand, it is *safe to say* that the importance of the two *star cases which* are held out by both Entente and *German press* as great victories of the Allied *Espionage Defence* has been greatly exaggerated. *These are* the cases of Mata Hari and of *Condoyannis*, the Greek.

The case of *Mata Hari* is looked upon as the unique *sensation of German* espionage activity during the *World war. I am* gratified to have the opportunity *here to tell* the actual facts about this much-*misrepresented* affair, for I am in a position to *know it from* the beginning.

Mata Hari was under my charge and under my *instructions*.

Of the three espionage cases which were probably the most famous in the World war, those of Edith Cavell, Mata Hari and Condoyannis, the Greek, only that of Miss Cavell has been disclosed to the public in full detail. The other two have remained veiled up to the present day. Much has been written, it is true, but studded with inaccuracies and fabrications.

Against Edith Cavell 300 instances of aiding the enemy were proved at her court-martial, and she did not deny them. Mata Hari never confessed, claiming innocence up to the moment when she crumpled under the bullets of a French platoon at Vincennes. Many have believed her and while she was found guilty of being a spy on the basis of her actions, there was not a single actual case of espionage which could be proved against her.

Before going into *details*, I may state here definitely (in view of the controversy which has raged over the matter) that Mata Hari was a spy in the German service. She was Agent H-21. Her fate was a tragic one in many ways.

In a manner she was justified in claiming innocence. No polu ever lost his life on account of her. No damage resulted to France and her allies from Mata Hari's doings. She was a spy—but an absolute failure as such.

In the post-war discussions of the case of Mata Hari, the question of her motives played a large part. It was considered proof of her innocence by many that a woman with numerous wealthy admirers at her command could have had the sums she needed at any time without resorting to the risky means of earning a livelihood in espionage.

I must disappoint those who would accept this explanation as proof of her innocence.

Mata Hari frankly entered the German Intelligence Service *for the money* that was in *it; for* nothing *else but money and the* pleasures she *hoped* to buy *with it. This she told me* herself. Even so, she *was not actuated* by a common avarice. I know *this to be true, for she* opened her heart to *me*, as woman to *woman*, at a critical stage of her life.

It has been charged that Mata Hari was already a *German spy* at the time that war began. Accord*ing to another* story, she was to have entered the *German service* at Madrid at the instigation of a *German* officer stationed there. Both versions are incorrect.

Her presence in Berlin in 1914 had nothing to do with espionage, and when she went to Madrid she was already in the service. What is not known, and never came out at the French investigation, is that Mata Hari came to Germany during the war, offered her services as a spy, and was accepted on my recommendation, after strong reluctance on the part of the chief of Department 3-B.

"Grande Demi-Mondaine"

The various phases of Mata Hari's adventurous life up to the time that she sold herself to the German Secret Service are so well known that I need not dwell on them here. The outbreak of war overtook the celebrated dancer in Berlin, cutting short abruptly the series of performances she was giving there.

She returned in haste, via Holland, to her home in Paris. It was at a much later period that she tried to get into touch with the German espionage service. She applied to one of the German consulates in Holland for the purpose, and the consulate in turn transmitted her proposal to the Intelligence Service of the German General Staff.

Several Intelligence officers examined her application, and secured the impression that she would fill the position ably. The Chief of Three-B was reluctant however, to employ the dancer and grance demi-mondaine as an agent. He had made the engagement of female agents subject to his own approval.

In his opinion, women were fit for active agents' work only in exceptional cases if at all. He would concede that Mata Hari's was such a case.

The urgent representations of his collaborators caused the Chief at the beginning of 1916 to consent to Mata Hari's coming to Germany so that he might make a decision on the basis of a personal interview. The meeting took place in March, 1916. It is significant that nothing leaked out about it in spite of the watchfulness of the enemy's Espionage Defense Service.

Not a single one of the numerous reports pertaining to Mata Hari's trial, not even the official ones, mentions her meeting with Colonel Nicolai. The impression which the Chief gained of Mata Hari was not at all what his collaborators had expected and wished for.

On the contrary, his opposition to employing her as an agent had increased. He did not dispute the fact that Mata Hari was in close touch with people of high standing in the enemy countries but he did not, at the same time, deem the dancer to be a woman fit to turn these connections properly to account.

She Knew Officers

The only thing that the Chief would concede after his meeting Mata Hari was that one of his Intelligence officers and myself should make another minute examination of her character and *qualities*. We were to ascertain the exact level of *her* education and refinement, her insight into *political* and military matters, her style of social *conduct*—in short, her entire personality and *capabilities*. We were then to report our findings.

We *three* met at a hotel in one of the larger cities of *Middle Germany*. Our investigation took a number of *days*. The result was that I, for my part, received the *impression* that Mata Hari was well adapted to the *purpose*.

I was especially *attracted* by the many close relations she had *with French* officers of the highest rank, among them a *well-known* general at the head of an army, as well as *with numerous* other dignitaries of the Entente.

She was able to submit *proofs to me* that these relations existed in fact. The *discussions* that the Captain and I had with Mata *Hari on* many subjects made it evident that she was *quick*-witted and well posted on political and military *matters*.

There was only one point about *which I* had doubts. It seemed to me that the striking *bearing* and exotic appearance of this celebrated *dancer* (of Dutch, or as she claimed, of Indian *descent)* might cause the enemy's Espionage Defense Service to keep a close eye on her activities. Would she not be exposed to danger before she had even taken up her real duties?

Mata Hari herself allayed my fears. "I, the adored idol of the French people, should be suspected of espionage?" she asked. "It is out of the question!"

What was the motive driving this courtesan into the arms of the espionage service, the most dangerous and gloomy branch of warfare? It was not sympathy for Germany, for Mata Hari felt herself to be a cosmopolite with international relationships and international loyalties. It was not ambition or a craving for political intrigue. She was certainly not aware of the possible consequences of her step.

One evening she spoke to me with absolute frankness. I saw then the whole tragedy of her outwardly brilliant life. She confided her pain as she could never have done with a man. At that time, in 1916, Mata Hari was a woman already in her forties.

Mata Hari proved without question that she was on terms of greatest intimacy with several French officers of high rank, and with one noted general. But she was reckless and uncalculating in her work as a German spy.

"I know," she said, "that I shall remain the coveted woman for only a short time to come. The period will then be over when I can have robes and jewels for the asking. It will not be as it has been that men will jostle one another to do me favors.

"What will happen? No man will ever marry me. I could not breathe within the narrow morals of domestic life, but I cannot exist without the luxuries I have had in my life. To keep this up I must have money, lots of it. So I will work for your Kaiser?"

It was an old story, the story of an insatiable thirst for the luxury to which she had become accustomed. At the end of this inglorious road Mata Hari met death. It was not part of her scheme.

Like other officers of the Intelligence Service, I insisted upon recommending Mata Hari for employment as an agent. After hesitating for a long time, the Chief of Three-B finally gave his consent.

"You and the other officers," he said on that occasion, "may have your wish. You expect a miracle of Mata Hari. I am of the opinion that you will be greatly disappointed."

Beauty Not Enough

It turned out that the chief was correct. Mata Hari had been most diligently instructed. She was to clear up questions of military policy and strategy. Considering her friendship with men of high standing, she should not have experienced much difficulty in getting them answered.

She had been handed over to me to manage and take care of. Covert addresses, absolutely safe, were given her for transmitting reports. She was to avoid journeys between France and the neutral countries. Along with all this, I gave her a full bushel of personal counsel.

Nicolai's prophecy—well, in all my war experience I never met with disappointment in an agent as acutely as in Mata Hari's case. Her work amounted to a mere nothing. The Espionage Defence of the enemy this time could gain an easy victory. Mata Hari virtually delivered herself to the slaughter.

Although she knew from her friends that she was under suspicion, and in spite of having been refused a visa to return to Holland (her native country), she threw all caution to the wind and procured herself a permit for a trip to Spain. In Madrid she neglected even the most ordinary measures of precaution. In broad daylight, and *under* the eyes of Entente spies, she called upon the *German* military attache. The end is known!

Mata Hari possessed the qualities of a grande demi-*mondaine*, all right, but not those of an espionage agent. Physical beauty and mastership of the art of *love* will not suffice for the latter.

Is it that, after all, only women who are morally and mentally on a high plane can win the confidence of big men in the discussion of political or military matters which deeply concern their countries? Mata Hari could not.

Her case has been a warning to me and to the others who recommended *her* as a spy. The experience, in fact, may serve as a lesson to the intelligence service of any nation, all novels and throbbing spy stories to the contrary notwithstanding.

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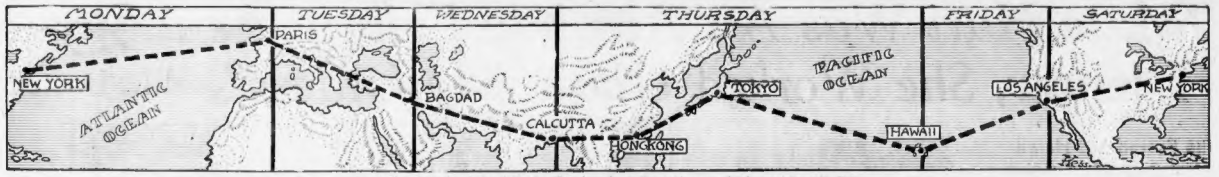
America in the War!—Further adventures of the Queen of Spies, exclusively in the next Boston Sunday Post.



Map showing where Captain Frank Hawks will be from day to day on his contemplated around-the-world flight.

Capt. Hawks' Plan to Fly Around World In Less Than a Week

Fastest Long-Distance Aviator of America Has Already Covered the 25,409 Miles in 136 Hours — Describes His Amazing Schedule and Tells of Dangers That Must Be Encountered —Would Fly Over 18 Countries With Only 18 Stops of Only a Few Hours Each—Man Is Slowly Gaining in Speed on the Sun

How the globes on which you study spectacular flights are made in Germany. Posting on the sections takes great skill, for they must be absolutely accurate.

At Right—An old steel engraving showing the planets as allegorical figures, and the moon revolving about the earth; from the court of Louis XIV.

At Left—Capt. Frank Hawks, world's fastest long-distance flier, enjoying a lollypop

BY JOHN T. BRADY

AROUND the earth in less than six days.

Capt. Frank Hawks, the world's fastest long distance flier, is seriously contemplating such a flight, he revealed, on his visit to Boston last week.

In fact he has worked out a schedule for a circuit of the globe between Monday at 6 a.m. and Saturday at 4:15 a. m.

During the past six months Hawks, in his winged torpedo, has actually covered a distance greater than the circumference of the earth at the equator in less than six full days.

Since last July 26, to be exact, this sensational, modest, bronzed, blond flier has reeled off 25,409 miles in 136 hours, 19 minutes of flight, which means an average of almost 200 miles an hour.

His log, excluding scores of exhibition and test hops and his recent flights over the drought stricken area with Will Rogers, shows 92 flights, 40 of which were made at 200 miles an hour or more. The fastest hop was accomplished at 270 miles an hour and the slowest at 145.

Around the World

"This log total equals the journey around the earth at the equator," Hawks explained. "But of course, the Texaco 13 or any other aircraft, fast or slow, could not fly that route non-stop. I believe, however, that figures of the log are significant in that they indicate what has been done in the way of speed and what may yet be accomplished.

"An airplane capable of the sustained speed necessary for a six day round the world flight can be built. I am confident of that. Indeed, it may be available within a period of not many months.

"The progress of the development of high speed aircraft has been tremendous in the last 20 years. The maximum speed then was about 45 miles an hour. Now it is more than 330 miles an hour. Just what the limits will be I do not believe we are equipped to state at the present time.

"I feel quite certain that future developments along this line will necessarily have to be in closed-type monoplanes of the flying wing variety, with retractable landing gear and power plants placed in the wings, thus greatly reducing the head resistance. By minimizing this resistance, we can anticipate a high speed at sea level which will range from 200 to 250 miles an hour on scientific commercial aircraft. Racing planes embodying these characteristics of design will probably increase these figures another 50 miles per hour in the dense atmosphere.

"By way of illustrating what could be done with such a ship, let's take the mileage of the Texaco 13 and assume an average speed of 190 miles an hour, which is one mile less than the plane actually has maintained.

"Well, then, at 190 miles an hour, and assuming that I had the great flying range of the airplanes which are to come, I could take off from New York or Boston on Monday, flying around the world between the twentieth and fiftieth degrees of north latitude, and be back in New York or Boston the following Saturday. We assume the northern route because it is far more practical for illustration than the impossible circuit at the equator."

On such a flight Captain Hawks would fly over 18 countries, three continents and three oceans, but we can best visualize him making this flight from a study of the itinerary he has planned.

We see him taking off from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, New York, the starting point of so many spectacular achievements in modern aviation, or from the Boston airport, which is to be second to none in the world when Mayor Curley's plans for improving it are completed, at 6 a. m. Monday morning. A collection of delicate engine and navigational equipment enables him to follow unerringly the now familiar skyline over the North Atlantic to a landing in Paris at 1 a. m. (Eastern Standard Time) Tuesday, after a 19 hour flight over a distance of about 3600 miles.

A six hour stop for rest of pilot and servicing of plane is made there, and at 7 a. m. Tuesday the Hawk's off again on a 2400 mile hope down over the Alps, the Balkans and the Bosphorus, across Turkey and Syria into Mesopotamia, where he is scheduled to land at Bagdad, at 7:45 p. m., 12 hours, 45 minutes after the Paris take-off.

Most Dangerous Flight

After an evening of rest in romantic Bagdad the long distance speed ace takes to the air at 1 a. m. Wednesday, and during the next 15 hours he soars 2800 miles over the deserts of Persia and the mountains of Baluchistan, across the Indian Desert to Delhi and the southern shoulder of the Himalayas, and then down the Ganges to Calcutta, which he expects to reach at 4 p. m.

FLIGHT RECORDS
Established by
CAPTAIN FRANK M. HAWKS

Non-stop, New York to Los Angeles, 2500 miles, 19 hours, 10 minutes. June 27, 1928.

Non-stop, Los Angeles to New York, 17 hours, 36 minutes. June 28, 1929.

Round trip, New York to Los Angeles to New York, 5000 miles, 36 hours, 46 minutes flying time; 42 hours, 48 minutes elapsed time.

First transcontinental glider flight, San Diego to New York 2800 miles. Tow plane, Texaco 7; J. D. (Duke) Jernigan, Jr., pilot. Glider, Texaco Eaglet; Captain Frank M. Hawks, pilot. March 30—April 6, 1930.

New York to Los Angeles, via. Columbus, St. Louis, Wichita, Albuquerque, Kingman, Ariz., 2500 miles; 14 hours, 30 minutes 43 seconds. Aug. 6, 1930.

Los Angeles to New York, via Albuquerque, Wichita, Indianapolis; 12 hours, 25 minutes, 3 seconds. Aug. 13, 1930.

New York to Detroit, 640 miles; 3 hours, 5 minutes. Sept. 9, 1930.

Detroit to New York, 5 hours, 41 minutes. Sept. 30, 1930. World record for speed and distance.

Boston to New York, 193 miles; 53 minutes. Oct. 7, 1930.

New York to Philadelphia, 90 miles; 24 minutes. Oct. 8, 1930.

Philadelphia to New York, 20 minutes. Oct. 8, 1930.

New York to Havana, 1400 miles; 9 hours, 21 minutes. Nov. 7, 1930.

Havana to New York, 8 hours, 44 minutes. Nov. 9, 1930.

New York to Nashville, 800 miles, 5 hours, 15 minutes. Dec. 3, 1930.

Memphis to Atlanta, 455 miles (wide route), 2 hours, 20 minutes. Dec. 6, 1930.

Washington to New York, 220 miles; 58 minutes. Dec. 9, 1930. (Broke own record.)

New York to Washington, 1 hour, 5 minutes. Dec. 15, 1930. (Broke own record.)

Fort Worth, Texas, to New York, 1400 miles; 8 hours, 30 minutes. Jan. 25, 1931.

His schedule allows for only three hours of rest there, and at 7 p. m. he sets out for Hongkong, 1600 miles distant. Over the mountain jungles of Burma and high above Mandalay, French Indo-China and the southern tip of China, the plane roars, and the hop is completed in 8 hours, 30 minutes.

At Hongkong the flier will have only two hours and 30 minutes to rest, according to his schedule, which calls for his departure at 6 a. m. Thursday, on a hop over the China Sea and the Islands of Japan to Tokyo a distance of 1700 miles, which he expects to complete at 3 p. m.

A seven hour stop is made at Tokyo, and at 10 p. m. Thursday the flier begins the longest and most dangerous hop of the world circuit—3700 miles across the open Pacific to Honolulu. During the night he crosses the International Dateline and flies back into yesterday. Thus his arrival at Honolulu is timed for 5:30 p. m., Thursday, after a hop of 19 hours, 30 minutes.

Six and a half hours is spent in Honolulu before the start of the 2400 mile jump across the eastern Pacific to Los Angeles. This stage begins at midnight Thursday and ends at 12:30 p. m. Friday.

Not Fantastic

Back on American soil, eager to finish the fastest round the world tour ever made, and intimately acquainted with the 2500 mile transcontinental trail, Hawks is tempted to drive his ship for all she is worth, but he maintains a leisurely pace of 190 miles an hour and returns to the starting point of his 21,000 mile journey 13 hours, 15 minutes after leaving Los Angeles.

So the world adventure would end at 4:15 a. m. Saturday, 5 days, 22 hours, 15 minutes after the start. According to this schedule the actual flying time would be 4 days, 13 hours, 30 minutes, and 20,700 miles would be covered at an average speed of 190 miles an hour.

"You know," said Capt. Hawks, "such a flight is not so fantastic as it may seem. It could be done, and while a man would be awfully tired at the finish, I may be trying it one of these days. It's great fun to think about it anyhow."

That last remark is typical of Hawks. Almost everything is "fun" to him. It was fun in Minneapolis when Hawks, then a boy of 15, and Richard Brimmer, now the famous movie star, Richard Dix, stood in the Hawks home and vowed to see their names in lights on Broadway.

Both were playing in a stock theatrical company at the time, Hawks in character parts, and years later the Broadway mazdas blazed their fame, Dix via Hollywood and the movies, Hawks via superlative speed and the electric news bulletin board in Times Square.

It was fun for Hawks, then 19, to quit his sophomore classes at the University of California and lie about his age to enter the air corps at the outbreak of the World war. But it wasn't fun to be kept at home as an instructor, even with the rank of captain, while other airmen went to France as combat pilots. Rather a compliment, this being kept at home, but who would have wanted to think so then?

It was fun to continue with aviation after the armistice instead of going back to school. For a time he went barnstorming as a passenger carrier and stunt pilot. Once he stole a plane to obtain his equity in it after the other half owner had insisted in vain that Hawks go in for smuggling from Mexico. Later he carried payrolls for American companies in the oil fields of Mexico by airplane at a time when bandits were halting trains almost daily. Then he began cracking American airplane records.

And how!

Well, the coast to coast flight, for example, which required 151 days about 20 years ago has now been brought within the breakfast-to-dinner margin, and the speedy pilot who so reduced it says the limit for the route has not yet been reached. He foresees ten hours. Hawks is honestly casual about speed, despite his passion for it.

"It is delightful and fascinating," he says calmly, "to be able to take off from Los Angeles in the morning and fly to New York in time to make a dinner engagement there, 2510 miles as I have laid the course, negotiated in an elapsed time of 12 hours, 25 minutes, 3 seconds, with three stops for service and brief rest which consumed 37 minutes.

Gaining on the Sun

"In hurling through space against time at more than 200 miles an hour, one actually takes into consideration the action of the solar system, and it's a thrill to realize that man is showing marked gains on the travel of the sun.

"From Los Angeles to New York, there is a loss of three hours of sunlight, and when one can travel from that coast to the East coast between the first morning glimpse of the sun's rise on the Pacific, and shake hands with his friends in New York on the Atlantic prior to the setting of Old Sol, it is possible to look at the sun and be rather thankful to him for his assistance, even though he has apparently been trying to run away.

"In going west, we are chasing him all day long and looking into his face with a determination which science has given us to catch up enough of his valuable time to be able to play a round of golf on the West coast before he sets. These, indeed, are thrills which are within oneself and can hardly be explained."

Spectacular as Hawks' latest cross-country efforts were he might have done better. Even though he flew on August 6 from New York to Los Angeles in 14 hours, 50 minutes, 43 seconds, clipping 3 hours, 52 minutes from the time of Colonel Roscoe Turner, and then one week later from Los Angeles to New York to better the time of Colonel Charles Lindbergh by 2 hours, 20 minutes, 29 seconds, Captain Hawks said his throttle was not completely open at any point along his way.

Accordingly he feels confident he can do better with the Travel Air special Mystery S with which he won back the cross country records.

"On the next try I expect to make real fast time," he stated, with a quizzical smile.

Discussing the possibility of developing aircraft capable of flying in the rarified atmosphere, 15,000 to 40,000 feet above the earth, at speeds of 500 miles an hour or better, Captain Hawks says:

"There comes a report from Germany to the effect that the Junkers Company is building a plane capable of 500 miles per hour at 40,000 feet. This may or may not be true. I certainly do believe that in order to obtain such a figure in miles per hour it must be done at these high altitudes.

"Unquestionably the airplane must be a sealed cabin type with a highly efficient mechanism for supplying suitable oxygen to the occupants. No human being can fly eight miles above sea level at the present time without the most cumbersome, though somewhat efficient, mechanism for supplying the air for proper functioning of the body. Of course, it is readily understood and agreed that the motor must also be supplied with additional air for its operation. I believe, however, there are less obstacles to overcome in the motor problem than there will be in taking care of the human being, and unquestionably, the latter comes first in consideration."

Nature Played Houdini's Mysterious "Transference" Trick on Magician Himself and Brought About His Tragic End

If Prince of Magician's Appendix Had Been on Right Side Instead of Wrong Side, His Nurse, Sophia Robart, Would Not Have This Amazing Untold Story to Relate—Why Harry Couldn't Escape From Irish Turnkey's Cell

Hands from "another world." Harry Houdini making "ecto-plasmic" hands out of paraffin and chemicals he used in his false seance stunts.

One of the most difficult feats. Houdini snapped while being locked in a steel casket preparatory to being sunk to the bottom of a pool.

The "Handcuff King" getting out of a prison straitjacket while suspended from the fourth story of a city building.

How Houdini made "spirit voices." While his hands were being held he raised a mouse horn to his mouth with his feet.

Houdini's feet were as clever as his hands and he punched with his toes as ordinary mortals could with fingers. Here is how he rang bells while holding a seance.

BY JOHN WOODBURY

HOUDINI'S last thoughts were: of the boy who, through his blows, was unwittingly the cause of the Master Magician's death — of his mother, who was so close to him, though no word ever came from her in answer to his prayer—of precautions that, even on his last bed, he should not unconsciously give away his life-long, closely-guarded secrets.

Sophia Robart, Boston girl who was Houdini's nurse during the last tragic days, and a friend of many years standing, tells new and intimate inside stories of the life and death of this Prince of all Mystifiers, who was always a great favorite with Boston audiences.

A mysterious "transference," worked by that greatest of magicians, Mother Nature, unknown to the adept who had performed so many similar tricks, really rang down the curtain on Houdini's last act.

A traffic jam on the Boston Elevated was "the most menacing imprisonment" the famous shackle and prison-breaking star ever encountered.

The only time he was completely baffled in picking a lock, he found the prison door not locked at all, and, when he fell against it, he was free.

How the famous needle-swallowing-and-threading act was performed.

He Didn't Know

Miss Robart treasures many little things given her by Houdini—if you admired a thing he would give it to you, she says—particularly a beautiful slim gold watch, set with sapphire gems, presented him by a great New York newspaper in recognition of his services in unveiling spiritistic frauds, and which he gave her during his last illness, telling her to return it to no one but himself. On the end of the chain there is a charm, bearing a mystic symbol, which he would let no one touch.

"Yes," said Sophia Robart to me, "Houdini's first thought on coming out of the anesthetic was for the boy who had punched him in the belly. 'Don't let them blame that poor kid,' he said, 'he didn't know.'

"The great magician was approached by a youth up in Canada, where he was performing. A lot of people believed he was super-human, and this chap said, 'I hear you have an iron stomach.' Of course you couldn't hurt Houdini, if he had a chance to flex his muscles. But this day in the dressing-room he was lying down on a couch, his ankle, which had been fractured in the Chinese Torture Chamber trick, raised on a pillow.

"The boy walked over and gave him a couple of short arm jabs in the left side, before he could get braced to meet the blow. When the boy went, he felt a hurt but figured it as muscle soreness. Although he went through his performances the next day, he was in great pain; it was then, in fact, the appendix ruptured. He had never been sick a day in his life before, however, so he figured he would be all right.

"But he had a high fever on the way down to Detroit, and I declared that if he did not have an ambulance and a doctor to meet the train, then I'd stop it at the next station and see that he had attention. Of course he did not want the report to get out to the newspapers of the country that the invincible Houdini had been stricken. But I had been concerned from the very first.

"This was the strange thing," went on Sophia Robart; "Houdini would instantly transfer a lighted lamp, invisibly, from one side of the room to the other, he would throw coins into the air, and you would hear them clink in a sealed glass high up near the ceiling, move a bill-fold from your pants pocket to your vest. Well, nature had turned just such a trick on Harry Houdini.

"The blows had been received on the left side, the injury was very evidently on that side, and his appendix, of course, had to be on the right.

Nature's Trick

"The doctors all said so, until the blood-count and the X-ray revealed the fact that it was appendicitis, and that his appendix was on the left side, but when they found it out it was too late.

"His last word to me before being anesthetised for the operation was to see that nobody was in the room when he came out of it, for fear he should talk, and give away the secrets of his magic.

"His last wish was that all the letters, notes, and little messages, which he had received from his mother through the years he had been travelling the world in the show business, should be put into a pillow, that his head should rest upon that pillow. And it does.

"Houdini was always deeply attached to his mother; in fact it was his desire to hear from her, get some message to assure him, after her death, that led him to so many mediums. It was his regard for her which made him the relentless enemy of fake mediums. No matter what hour of the day or night, he might get back to New York, from a town—even in the very middle of the night—he would take a taxi-cab the first thing and go to his mother's grave, to pray, to tell her his troubles, to talk to her as though she really could hear him. 'If there was such a thing as a spirit able to come back and communicate with us, then my mother would come back to me,' he used to say."

"As far as you know," I asked Miss Robart, "Did Houdini ever receive any proof beyond his own faith, of life beyond the grave?"

"This was curious," she smiled. "You know Harry Houdini had many pacts with people who had died, code grips, signals and words, by which they promised they would communicate with him, if possible, after they had passed from this life. 'I had eight of these pacts, some of them going back twenty years, and never have I had a communication from any of them,' he used to say.

"Well, one night in a Providence hotel, due to a convention crowd of some kind, I had a cot made up in the same room with Mr. and Mrs. Houdini. We had gone to bed and it was dark in the room, when suddenly three sharp knocks sounded!

What a Laugh

"We all sat up. Then came two raps, which seemed definitely spaced; then one, then three again; it was like a Morse code. 'Did you hear that, Bess?' said Houdini to his wife, as he began to note down the raps and try to interpret it.

"'There goes your code, Harry,' replied Mrs. Houdini, 'It's your old secretary calling.'

"I turned on the lights. There was a window open at the top; and there was the curtain-ring banging against the wall. And what a laugh we all had; what a laugh!

"Here's a curious thing, that nobody ever knew: Houdini couldn't go to sleep without a blindfold. Always, even in the hospital, he had to have that little strip of silk bound down over his eyes before he could drop off. He claimed he could see light through his eyelids, which a doctor in Germany told him were abnormally thin."

"The perfect magician," said I. "He played his part even in his sleep."

"I think it was a habit," said Houdini's nurse. "But he did sleep little and lightly. He often used to read all night and for nights at a stretch; rarely he got more than two or three hours' sleep. But when I took charge of him, I saw that he got six hours' sleep a night, the most he had had in years."

"Did you ever catch him in any of his tricks?" I asked.

"Most of them were done with apparatus, sometimes most elaborate; nearly all of them involved the use of electricity. His secret apparatus and its operation were closely guarded, even from his wife.

"But he was always willing to admit it if you caught him in a trick. The point was he was so clever he was never caught at it. He had one very famous trick, however," declared Sophia Robart, whose first name is the ancient word for wisdom, "which I figured out entirely for myself, and which, up to this moment, has never been explained.

The Thread and Needle Trick

"You remember, he would show you a newly-opened package of needles, a piece of white thread with a knot in the end of it, and a glass of water.

"You would see Houdini put the needles loose on his tongue, and the thread rolled up on top of that; then he would close his mouth on the needles and thread, and swallow the glass of water. He would instantly reach up, take hold of the end of the thread, which would come out slowly, all the needles nicely threaded on it.

"Everybody thought he swallowed the needles. I thought probably he did, myself—you would get so you would believe almost anything of him—until one day he asked what I, as a nurse, would do if anyone swallowed a bunch of needles. I said I'd have them lie down and keep quiet, till they could be X-rayed. He was plainly worried; and what a time he would have had, if he ever did swallow them!

"I noticed," went on Sophia Robart, "that before he would swallow, his tongue would go over to the left side of his mouth. And once I saw, in his mouth, he had a 'gag,' a sort of crown on the last two teeth, hollowed out in a deep groove. This was a powerful magnet which would almost reach out and grab the needles, when he moved his tongue back. It would hold onto them like grim death.

"Then he would dislodge, with the tip of his tongue, the threaded set of needles, concealed in his other cheek; pulling them out was a simple matter. This was always the last trick in the act, so he could remove them at once, before they could cause any trouble.

"He was always up to good-natured tricks. There was always something doing with Houdini around. I remember a Labor Day opening in Boston, at the old Keith's Theatre. He was preparing to be buried alive in a casket—the very casket, by the way, in which he was finally buried—and had been working all the afternoon in his overalls. He wore them over to the Touraine, where I was to have dinner with him. I finally persuaded him to be his age and take them off. Then, while we were studying the menus, I had all I could do to stifle a scream.

"I had been pinched on the leg. He had a trick stocking, and could use his toes just as dexterously as he did his fingers, as you know, if you saw him at Keith's in his expose of fake spirit seances.

"One time he shut me in a closet and locked the door for a minute. 'And then he explained how he could remain an hour in a sealed casket, buried alive. 'You should never get frightened,' he said, 'because then you will beat on the door, and holler and scream, and so you breathe deeply and use up all the oxygen. There's the danger.

"'When I'm sealed up, I keep perfectly quiet, and use shallow breathing. In that way you can keep alive and comfortable for a very long time.' When he was taken to the hospital to be operated on, he used the same shallow breathing, and it took them a long time to get him asleep."

"In his half-conscious state, strapped down as he was," I said, "he probably thought he was already in his coffin, and automatically started the method of breathing which he used in that situation."

"He told me many stories. One about the time he was caught in a traffic jam down where the Cambridge subway runs upstairs into the open at Charles street. Houdini was in a hurry to get to Harvard and back to the theatre, so he decided to give a special exhibition of escape from imprisonment.

"He forced open the door of his car, scrambled to the car roof, leaped a five-foot space to the bridge roadbed, and then dropped 12 feet from the bridge end to the ground, where the structure spans Charles street.

"So far, fine; but fate slipped a little piece of ice over just where his foot struck the ground, and to his own and the whole world's astonishment, he skidded, arms and legs flying, and sat down heavily, just like any ordinary mortal.

"Then there was that time," went on Sophia Robart, "he told me of in the hospital. The telling and the smile in it kept his mind from the great pain he was in.

Didn't Break Jail

"'Of all the jails I have broken, there is one that I didn't break, though everybody but the big Irish turnkey thinks I did. And he knows the truth, that I could have broken it, if he had let me.

"'It was in Preston, England, and these folks, who had the champion cricket team of all the British Isles, were very proud of their ancient jail, in a fortress centuries old. I offered to walk out free in a few moments, and the officials of the city took me up on it.

"'I was stripped, and, in a loin cloth only, locked back of the six-inch-thick steel door of the cell reserved for those condemned to death. A husky Irishman did the incarcerating.

"'It was cold and damp in there, and, shivering and alone, I was left to my fate. With my fingers at their nimblest, and intently listening for the tinkling of the tumblers, I worked away rapidly at the lock, feeling sure I would be out soon. I had no trouble disposing of the handcuffs, though they were the kind Scotland Yard put on their most dangerous prisoners.

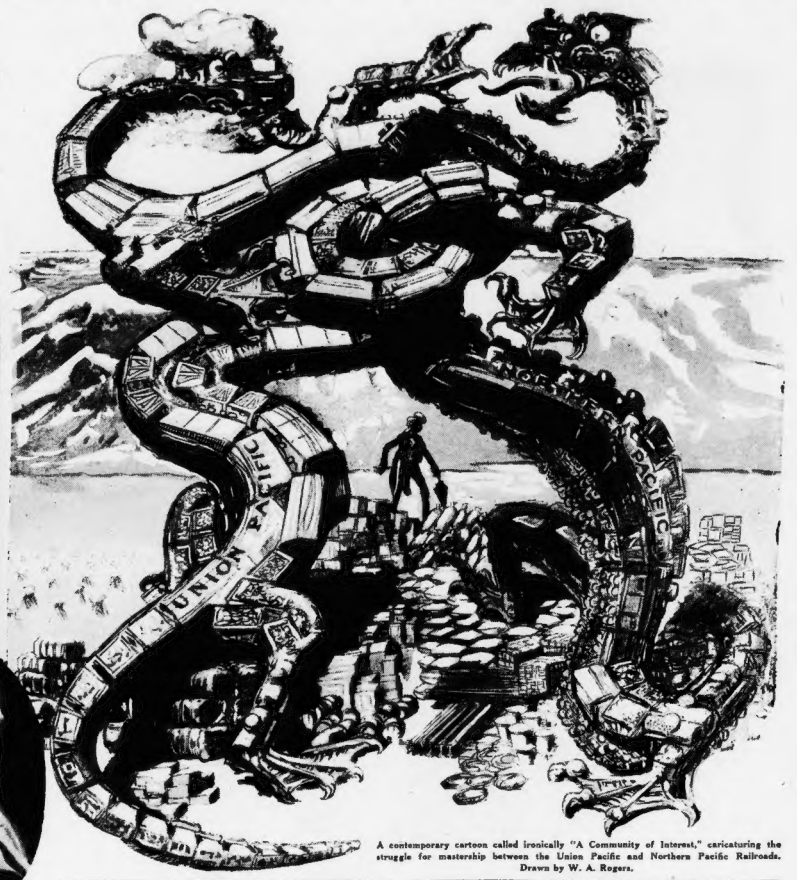
"'But the moments stretched into hours, and still the lock baffled me,' smiled Houdini. 'The bolts were simple, but the lock, I couldn't solve it. Exhausted and trembling with the chill, I worked

(Continued on Page 11, This Section)

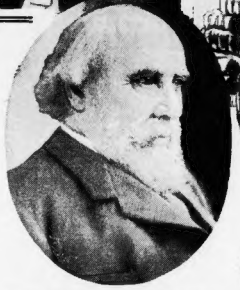
Why Morgan and Harriman Became Implacable Enemies and Started Most Stupendous Conflict Wall Street Ever Knew

The Sharp-Eyed Lad Who Began His Business Career at $5 a Week Was One of Very Few Who Ever Licked Morgan at His Own Game---His $155,000,000 Railroad "Grab" That Stunned the Imagination of the Greatest Financiers of the Day By Its Colossal Boldness

Harper's Weekly of May, 1901, carried this drawing by Seymour M. Stone of the rush to buy Northern Pacific stock when it was learned that Morgan had stepped into control.



A contemporary cartoon called ironically "A Community of Interest," caricaturing the struggle for mastership between the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific Railroads. Drawn by W. A. Rogers.



Whimsical Jim Hill, who, with Morgan, built up and controlled the great Northern Pacific Railroad after bitter controversies.

BY JOHN K. WINKLER

JIM HILL, a waggish, whimsical sort of fellow, sat outside his coal and wood yard on the levee at St. Paul, Minn., and boosted the Northwest to everyone who would listen. He wore his hair long, plainsman fashion, and grumbled when his wife forced him to have a few inches sheared off now and then.

Folks liked Hill, though they rather smiled at his ambitious "schemes." Just now he was glowing over the possibilities of what could be done by "live fellows" with the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad. This road, built mostly by Dutch capital, had wobbled into receivership during the panic of 1873. Hill was agent for the old side-wheel boats that brought freight up the Mississippi to St. Paul. He also represented Norman W. Kittson, who operated a couple of tiny stern-wheelers on the Red River.

Kittson's chief customer was the Hudson's Bay Company. Donald A. Smith—later Lord Strathcona—was company commissioner at Winnipeg.

Both Kittson and Smith were disgusted with the service they were getting from the receiver-operated St. Paul & Pacific. For three years Jim Hill had been dinning into their ears the advantages of buying and building up the road.

Hill's "Special"

Every time Smith went East he talked the matter over with George Stephen—later Lord Mountstephen—president of the Bank of Montreal. Stephen and his vice-president, Richard B. Angus, promised to run out some time and look over the property. Now chance intervened.

On a certain Sunday morning in 1875, Jim Hill, wildly excited, escorted the big bankers from Montreal over the St. Paul & Pacific to Breckenridge. Ordinarily the line shut down on Sunday, but that didn't stop Hill. He provided a special train—a puffy engine and a dingy passenger coach.

The country through which Hill's "special" passed was dismal. For two successive years the prairies had been ravaged by a plague of grasshoppers. But the great stretches of country were soothing to Eastern eyes, and before Stephen and Angus left for Chicago, Hill had interested them in the grandest of his schemes.

The next year Stephen went to Amsterdam and obtained an eight months' option on the Dutch bonds for 40 cents. Stephen sailed for New York, and interested John S. Kennedy, a cautious, old-school private banker.

Grasshoppers Go

Hill was set at work to secure a franchise from the Minnesota Legislature. He succeeded after a hot fight. In the spring of 1877, six men—Hill, Stephen, Smith, Angus, Kittson and Kennedy—took over the St. Paul & Pacific.

Now enters the element of luck to be noted in so many romances of industry: the grasshoppers left the country! Nature balanced the books by pouring forth the greatest wheat crop the region had ever known. An avalanche of business flooded the road. Hill, under tentative appointment as general manager of the road, worked 20 hours a day. He partly satisfied a desperate need for new cars by buying in New York a lot of discarded old coaches with board seats and box stoves.

The combination had put only $283,000 in actual cash into the purchase. Hill ran the road. In 1879 they paid for everything, and the lucky six divided $15,000,000 in stock. At the same time they incorporated the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad, and began to push out into new territory.

By 1893—as the Great Northern system—the road had pushed to the Pacific, and had a mileage of 4,300 and a capitalization of $143,000,000.

The Northern Pacific

The original group was still intact, though two able, vigorous men had been admitted into the family. These were D. Willis James, head of the great metal firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., of New York, and George F. Baker, president of the First National Bank of New York. Both were friends of John S. Kennedy—friends and allies, also, of Pierpont Morgan.

Baker, indeed, was, perhaps, Morgan's most trusted adviser. Morgan relied upon Baker's judgment as upon that of no other man. Time and again, a word from Baker curbed Morgan's impetuous instincts.

When Hill began to push through to the Pacific in 1887, he came into natural competition with the Northern Pacific. The Northern Pacific was a loose aggregation of 54 separate companies. The panic of 1893 swept it into receivership. Northern Pacific security holders in this country turned to Morgan.

Through Baker and Kennedy, Morgan had closely followed Hill's phenomenal successes. Several times in New York he had met Hill, and he liked him. Morgan decided that a merger between the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern was the only sure method of insuring railroad harmony in seven States of the Northwest from the Great Lakes to the Pacific.

Negotiations went on for two years. Finally, in the spring of 1893, Hill crossed the ocean and met Morgan and representatives of the Deutsche Bank in London.

On May 10, 1895, a plan was placed upon paper. The so-called London Agreement tied the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern by a Siamese-twin ligature.

Hard to Beat Morgan

The plan was announced at once. Instantly there was a wave of public criticism. Morgan and Hill were accused of seeking to fasten a monopoly upon the Northwest. A Great Northern stockholder brought suit in the Federal courts alleging that the proposed merger violated an act of the Minnesota Legislature forbidding consolidation of competing and parallel lines. The Supreme Court of the United States upheld this contention and forbade the merger.

But Morgan and Hill were not yet beaten. Morgan was determined to bring the two systems together. He and Hill worked out a substitute plan. Says Hill's biographer, Joseph Gilpin Pyle:

> "The new plan . . . simply substituted the principle of joint ownership by individuals for that of corporations. What the companies could not do legally was entirely lawful for their stockholders in a private capacity. . . . A new company was organized with $80,000,000 common and $75,000,000 preferred stock. . . . Both classes of stock were vested in five voting trustees for the first five years, the voting power of the trust expiring November 1, 1901. Mr. Morgan was placed at the head of it."

Under Hill's able management, the Northern Pacific soon showed profits almost comparable to those of the Great Northern. The Morgan-Hill group now controlled in the Northwest a system of some 11,000 miles. Northern Pacific stock gradually advanced 100 points.

Now Morgan and Hill decided that it was necessary for the system to extend east into Chicago. Morgan wanted to take over the St. Paul.

Hill however, did not want the St. Paul. He was convinced that the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy was a better feeder for the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, and Morgan let him have his way.

Ned Harriman

The Burlington, with a mileage of 7911, stretched fanwise through the richest traffic country in the West. It tapped the river valleys of the Mississippi and its tributaries, the mining industries of Colorado and the Black Hills; the fertile lands of Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska; the coal mines of Illinois and Iowa. It could supply Hill with westbound traffic in abundance and help him fill empty freight cars on their way back from unloading eastbound lumber and grain.

Hill on behalf of Morgan, began to dicker for the Burlington early in 1901. The negotiations brought them into sudden collision with another group casting longing eyes upon the same property.

This group was led by E. H. Harriman, a nervous, rapid-fire little man with a genius as a practical railroad operator equal to that of Hill, ability as a financier comparable to that of Morgan—and in audacity surpassing both Hill and Morgan.

Harriman began his business career at 14 as office boy, salary $3 a week, in a stock exchange house. This was in 1862. He was short, stocky, bow-legged. In a year the sharp-eyed boy had been promoted to "pad shover." The pad shover was a messenger clerk whose duty it was, in those days before the ticker or quotation boards, to display pads of paper containing latest stock prices.

Harriman's rise was rapid. He attracted an unusual clientele. In the panic of 1873 he plunged into several stocks which had been hammered down to rock bottom, and emerged with a profit of several hundred thousand dollars. Some of the surplus he invested in securities of the Illinois Central Railroad.

In 1881 Harriman's keen eyes helped him to make a neat profit with a tiny railroad in the northern part of New York State. It was called the Sodus Bay & Southern.

The First Clash

Now the restless little man turned his attention to the Illinois Central. Harriman's domineering, combative methods left a trail of hostility. The little man, indeed, was always an adept in "the gentle art of making enemies." Soon this propensity brought him across the path of Pierpont Morgan—and he made his most implacable enemy.

The initial clash came in 1887 over the control of a railroad known as the Dubuque & Sioux City. Illinois Central had this road under lease and wanted to purchase. Majority stockholders objected and placed their securities in the hands of Morgan.

At the annual meeting of the railroad in Dubuque, Harriman showed up with a lawyer and defeated Morgan on a technicality. Harriman prevented voting of the majority stock on the flimsy ground that proxies were signed by Drexel, Morgan & Co., personally and not as trustees.

The contest was carried into the courts. It dragged along. Finally, Harriman addressed a brief note to Drexel, Morgan & Co. offering $80 a share for the majority stock and stating bluntly that the offer would not be renewed. Dubuque & Sioux City stockholders accepted, much to Morgan's disgust.

It went against the grain to be defeated by what he termed a "smide trick." From that time on Morgan conceived a dislike for Harriman amounting almost to hatred.

The next clash came in 1894, when Morgan announced his plan of reorganization for the Erie Railroad. Harriman owned a comparatively small amount of second mortgage six per cent Erie bonds. He objected to the Morgan plan.

"Whom do you represent?" he was asked.

"Myself," was his reply.

Harriman went into court and raised so much rumpus that the reorganization plan was changed. He was not forgiven, however, by either Morgan or the Erie management.

One day Harriman telephoned the executive office of the Erie and asked that the Chicago express be stopped at Goshen so that he could attend the trotting races. Harriman was then vice-president of the Illinois Central. Such simple favors were generally granted readily, but this request was curtly refused. Harriman, however, knew that the express could be flagged at Goshen if there were any passengers for points west of Buffalo.

So he telephoned a friend in Goshen to buy a ticket to Chicago; and blithely took his seat in the express at Jersey City. The train stopped at Goshen. Trainmen peered about for the Goshen-Chicago passenger. This mysterious person did not appear. But Harriman hopped out gaily and went off to the races.

Until now Harriman had simply been a "nuisance" to Morgan. Soon, though, the former was to prove himself in a great battle. "At first Morgan brushed Harriman aside," Otto Kahn tells us. "Before many years he was to raise his hand in salute."

In 1895 Morgan gave up as impossible the reorganization of the Union Pacific Railroad. No road in the country was in a more hopeless condition. He was rather relieved when Jacob H. Schiff, senior partner of the growing house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., came before him, deferentially, and asked whether he would object to Kuhn, Loeb & Co.'s having a try at the reorganization. "Go ahead," said Morgan genially. "I am through with the Union Pacific. I won't even take a financial participation."

As it turned out, this was the chief tactical mistake of Morgan's life.

The Opposition

Schiff formed a strong committee and for a year wrestled with the Union Pacific problem. Then he became aware of a curious undercurrent of opposition—an undercurrent that pulled at his plans like the tide.

In Schiff's mind, there was but one force strong enough to stir up this antagonism. He called upon Morgan. No love had ever been lost between the two. But it was impossible for Schiff to doubt Morgan when the latter turned his Tarquin eyes full upon him and said:

"I am not responsible, but I will find out who is. No, I have not changed my mind. I want nothing to do with the Union Pacific."

A short time later Morgan sent for Schiff. "It is that little fellow Harriman who is interfering," he said. "Look out for him. He is a sharper." Followed a remarkable conference between Schiff and Harriman.

"Mr. Harriman," said Schiff, looking at the other through lazy, half-closed lids, "we are everywhere meeting opposition to our plans to reorganize

(Continued on Page 10, This Section.)

How to Go About Writing a Successful Talkie Told By One of Hollywood's Greatest Scenario Editors

They've got to live happily ever after. The movie with a sad ending has never broken box-office records in this country yet, and it probably never will. Of course, there are a few outstanding exceptions, but we have to have these to prove a rule.

And, let's see, we'll have beautiful Bertha, the farmer's daughter, promise to marry the villain so he won't foreclose the mortgage. . . . Writing a successful talkie is one of the hardest tricks of these days, and many a good magazine author has had to admit defeat.

"Curse you, Jack Dalton, you will yet rue this day!" That's the way to finish them off, with the villain all banged up and tied, and the hero blithely kissing the beautiful girl he has just rescued from his clutches, only to get her into one of his own.

D. A. Doran, Who Has Proved Himself a Genius at Picking Out Scripts That Pull the Public, Explains What Is Wanted and What Is Taboo on the Silver Screen

You Have to Tell a Story That the Audience Will Believe—It Has to Have a Happy Ending—Why Some of the Greatest Magazine Writers Have Failed in Hollywood

BY GEORGE BRINTON BEAL

THE difference between a happy ending and a sad ending in a motion picture is $1,000,000, so if you have aspirations to write motion picture plays, keep this interesting fact in mind.

This is the sage advice of D. A. Doran, Jr., recently appointed scenario editor of the Paramount New York studios: in a word, the man who buys the stories to be made into pictures.

And Mr. Doran ought to know. He has bought picture scripts for both Pathe and Columbia. The results, in both instances, seem to indicate that for knowing just what people by the million will pay to look at, young Mr. Doran has an aptness that is little short of actual genius.

A disarming sort of genius, if he is that, is Doran. He is slight of build, extremely well dressed and, until launched on his favorite topic of the pictures, by no means an eloquent talker. Once the subject turns, or is turned by adroit management, to Hollywood, or the business of motion pictures, he looses a veritable flood of words. While he talks he draws diagrams of his ideas on anything that comes handy, which in the case of this particular interview chanced to be the choice breakfast linen of the Hotel Roosevelt.

Knows His Public

He has seen Hollywood. He knows New York. Somewhere, in an unquoted background, it is discernible that he has seen much of places less in the public eye. He knows, and with a matter of factness that is startling, the mind of the mass public, its prejudices and its preferences, and how they got that way.

On the subject of what should or should not go into the writing of talkie material, he speaks with clarity and with seeming seriousness. He believes, one judges, in motion pictures as men formerly believed in a great cause. He is a modern crusader for happiness, riding valiantly with the colors of Hollywood pinned securely to his visor.

The matter of making pictures is an industry just like the making of shoes or candlesticks, and the producers in Hollywood look upon it as such. There is a mighty fortune awaiting anyone who can write successfully for the present talking screen. The motion picture industry is at the present time going through one of the greatest changes that it has ever experienced. Writers for the silent film are not successful in writing for the talkies. Writers for the stage have succeeded but little better. This is your chance!

Must Suit Public

However artistic you may feel, you must remember that in order to sell a picture to the public, it must suit that public. You don't go down street to the store and buy things you don't want or that you dislike. You do just the opposite. You walk into the store and look about you until you discover something that appeals to you, something you want to own, something for which you are willing to exchange your money.

The motion picture public is in precisely the same condition. It goes to the theatre to be amused. When it is not amused, it refuses to go. When you sat down before your typewriter and start the great American talkie, keep this fact well in the forefront of your mind—if you write for America, you must have the happy ending. And there is a reason for this, insists this positive young man, of which more later.

It is not because producers are low-brow or lacking in artistic appreciation that they insist upon making all pictures end in a satisfactory manner, points out Mr. Doran, feelingly. It is because actual experience in producing pictures and selling them to the public through the medium of the theatres has proven that other things being equal, there is a difference of $1,000,000 in the gross receipts when the happy ending is omitted.

Representing as it does a tremendous investment, the producers must have an assurance that they have at least done all that they could to make a picture successful before it leaves the studio. This assurance of success starts with the buying of the script. The man who buys them must always have in mind that unless he wants to cost his company $1,000,000, over what it might have taken in, he must see that the pictures he buys end happily, or can be made to.

Has a Reason

The buyer of picture stories for any producing concern has a reason for every story he buys. He picks them with the customers' viewpoint in mind as carefully as a silk buyer for a department store. They must have color and atmosphere. They must deal with subjects in which there is a common interest, because no problem on the stage or screen is of interest to the public unless it is a problem which they understand, unless it is a problem which they either have to meet themselves or can imagine themselves meeting. That is why so many pictures deal with the familiar triangle situation.

In the hearts of all women, whether they admit it or not, there is always an interest in the other man. This does not mean that a woman is unhappily married. She may be perfectly happy and content, but always in the background of her mind lives a dream, and that dream more times than not concerns some mythical character of her own imagining, and he is her other man. In the background of every man's mind lives the girl of his dreams and he is always seeking her, not literally, of course, although that is also done.

To satisfy these dream creatures is one of the many problems the buyer faces in his selection of material for pictures. People do not like nasty stories, and it is an axiom of the theatre that no really malicious play ever succeeded, save as the exception which proves the rule. In pictures, this is equally true; but nastiness, like niceness, is mostly a matter of treatment and the same subject may be treated in either way with equal success, dramatically speaking.

Are Sure-Fire Patterns

Just as there are patterns in everything else, so are there patterns in motion pictures. The Cinderella pattern is the surest one to follow. There are others, of course, but the good old plan which serves so well through that period of the theatre devoted to melodrama and the hundreds of travelling repertory companies that virtue always is rewarded and villainy punished when the curtain falls is always equally true whatever design you may follow.

Those who call themselves artistic-minded raise a great hue and cry over the fact that there is no art in the movies. They call them "Pollyannish" and untrue to life. This is not so, emphatically says Mr. Doran. There is a great deal of art in the movies and they are no more Pollyannish than is life itself. The reason for the happy ending is to be found deep down in the fundamental philosophy that has made this country what it is. Every American is told practically from the moment of his birth that he will some time be a great success, that wealth and power and position are his. All he has to do is to keep on trying. Every boy is told that he may become President of the United States. So far there have been no such high promises held out to the members of the fair sex, but times are changing rapidly, and they may some time come to pass.

Optimism Natural

The belief in success has been the ruling factor in the growth and development of the country and so firmly has this belief been embedded in the mind of the ordinary individual that even dying in poverty he still thinks that if he had a little more time he would amass a fortune and pass out in a blaze of glory. Optimism is a national characteristic and it has unquestionably done much to place this country in the formidable position it now holds in regard to the rest of the world. Millions of people thinking a thing have a lot to do with making it come true. So when you show in an American theatre to an American audience a motion picture which ends unhappily or unsatisfactorily, you are really working against fate.

In the first place, observes Doran, the public does not believe your story; and in the second, it does not wish to. You are breaking down the foundation upon which the life struggle of every man, woman and child sitting before you is based. If you succeed in breaking this down, you have done a great evil and you have brought discouragement and chaos to minds unsuited to house them. If you don't succeed in breaking it down, the illusion of your story has been entirely lost. With a sad ending you may have satisfied a scattering few whose artistic temperament makes them delight in pessimistic philosophy and in tragic things in general.

They Are Few

Fortunately for the success of the great experiment known as American democracy, these people are few. It is quite impossible that they ever will prevail. Making motion pictures which are to be shown in countries other than the United States, an excellent policy is to have two endings. One must have the happy ending for this country, because that spells the success or failure of the picture, and it is equally essential that for other countries—principally those of Europe, Germany, Russia and the northern countries, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, that an unhappy ending be provided for your stories. The philosophy of these people is not optimistic. They are imbued from their birth with the belief that they will not succeed and that wealth and power are not for them. This, of course, is for the mass of the people, not those of the so-called higher classes who have wealth and power and expect to retain it. A happy ending in Russia would seem as great an untruth to a Russian audience as an unhappy ending would on Broadway. Broadway believes there is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Russia believes there isn't even a rainbow.

Seek for Truth

So, in the writing of your motion pictures—keep this fact in mind: You don't have to falsify your story, because if you will look around you at the living stories that are taking place on every hand, you will find that most of them end happily, not perhaps as happily as the poet or dreamer would have them, but certainly as happily as the people who experience them expect them to end.

If you can do as well with your picture plot, you will have a great success on your hands and much money will flow into your purse. The Saturday Evening Post, with one of the largest magazine circulations in the world, is optimistic in its trend and always has been pointed out this enthusiastic buyer of movie material. It has been criticised because its stories were sugar-coated, and because tragedy never stalked its printed pages; but tragedy in life is the exception to the rule in this country, and exceptions do not make great pictures.

There is no cause for discouragement if you have the desire to write for the talking films. On the contrary, Mr. Doran is most optimistic about it. Only, and that only is important, stick to the established rules of such writing. Doran sums them up as follows, it would be a good idea for a prospective author to clip them out and nail them up on the wall at the foot of his or her bed, for constant reference. Here they are:

Pick out some simple little tale with a pleasing strain of romance running through it. The possession of an optimistic outlook and a philosophy of happiness will go further toward the making of a great motion picture author than a string of college degrees or an existing reputation for turning out fine literature. This is why some of the greatest magazine writers and novelists who have been rushed to Hollywood to write for the new talking screen have signally failed. They see life through a different lens. They are interested in the darker side of things. They are trying to write out the solution to their own problems, which is what all artists strive to do. This won't do for the movies. Be happy and the world will be happy with you. Write of happiness and Hollywood will receive you well.

Why Morgan and Harriman Became Implacable Enemies and Started Wall Street War

(Continued from Page 8, This Section.)

the Union Pacific. Is this opposition being directed by you?"

"Yes," replied Harriman, "I am the man."

"Why?" asked Schiff.

"Because," answered Harriman, without batting an eye, "I intend to reorganize the Union Pacific myself."

"How can you do it?"

"Well," said Harriman, "I can get money cheaper than you. The Illinois Central ought to have the Union Pacific."

Now the reorganization of Union Pacific proceeded smoothly. The executive committee held the names of Winslow S. Pierce, Marvin Hughitt, Otto Kahn, E. H. Harriman and James Stillman. Stillman was taken in because, as president of the National City Bank, he represented "the greatest reservoir of cash in America."

Harriman vs. Morgan

From the start, fortune favored him, just as it had favored Jim Hill in the sudden flight of the grasshoppers. Unusual rainfalls in the arid belt brought heavy crops and prosperity at a crucial time. Annexation of the Philippines stimulated transcontinental and Oriental business. Earnings increased rapidly. Once again the U P. paid dividends. In three years the system expanded to 15,000 miles. Dismembered branches were taken back.

Harriman heard that Morgan and Hill were negotiating for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy. Harriman's mind had been upon more immediate projects. But he, too, wanted the Burlington.

Morgan and Hill stole a march on Harriman. They bought the Burlington on behalf of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific. Harriman asked an interest in the purchase. If Morgan had consented the whole western country would have been parceled out as Morgan had split the East between the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. But Morgan refused.

Without hesitation. Harriman set out to purchase the Northern Pacific, which owned half the Burlington. He proposed to buy control of $155,000,000 of stock in the open market.

"The boldness of the plan," comments Hill's biographer, "allied it to a work of genius. From those grim old lions (Morgan and Hill) who guarded the way, the quarry was to be snatched before they sensed the presence of an enemy. The implications of the project were tremendous.

"Suppose the Union Pacific gained control of the Northern Pacific. At once the Great Northern would have to make terms with its new owners, or bear the brunt of incessant attacks along 2000 miles of battle front. It would be shut into its narrow strip between its line and the Canadian border.

As the Union Pacific would succeed also to a half-interest in the Burlington, the situation there would be a permanent deadlock. . . . There could be but one issue from a position so intolerable. He (Hill) would have to make the best terms he could. And the terms dictated by an interest that would then reach from New Orleans and Galveston to Winnipeg, and from San Francisco, Portland, and Tacoma to Chicago, St. Paul and Duluth, were not likely to be tolerable. The victor could then make them almost what he pleased."

It was a situation that stunned the imagination. The schemes of Hill and Harriman brought on the most stupendous financial conflict Wall street had ever known.

J. Pierpont Morgan in his later years, photographed with his son and daughter.

Morgan Goes Abroad

On April 20, 1901, Hill announced that the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific had concluded a joint purchase of more than 96 per cent of the Burlington stock. Morgan and Hill paid $200 a share—far above the market valuation. Morgan sailed off to Europe, and Hill exultantly returned to the territory where he was king. They would have stuck closer to Wall street, perhaps, if they had realized the full import of Harriman's warning.

Harriman's strategy was subtle. He and Schiff had accomplished much before the Morgan-Hill alliance suspected the purpose of their maneuvres. Of course, Northern Pacific stock appreciated sharply the moment Harriman's brokers went into the market. But the rise was generally ascribed to the acquisition of the Burlington. Ironically, the Morgan-Hill group accepted this explanation and sold blocks of "Nipper" stock to the enemy.

On April 1, the house of Morgan held almost $40,000,000 in Northern Pacific. Noting the rise to par and better of securities for which they had paid only 16, the firm got rid of some of its holdings. On May 1, Morgan & Co. held but $26,000,000 in N. P., par value.

"Jim" Hill was a baby in Wall street. But he was a player of "hunches." He was in Seattle the last day of April when a premonition came over him that all was not well. He ordered a special train and broke the record getting to New York. On the forenoon of Friday, May 3, he walked into Schiff's office and asked the meaning of the rapid rise in Northern Pacific. One may imagine Schiff smiling slyly into his beard as he informed Hill that Kuhn, Loeb & Co. were buying N. P. upon orders from the Union Pacific.

"All right," said Hill, "do your best, but you can't get control. It is impossible for you to buy enough stock to control. Why, Mr. Morgan and my friends alone hold $35,000,000 or $40,000,000 worth of Northern Pacific. So far as I know, none of them have sold a share."

To a Climax

"Perhaps," replied Schiff enigmatically, "but we've got a lot of it. You secretly bought the Burlington and refused to give us a fair share. Now we're going to see if we can't get a share by purchasing a controlling interest in the Northern Pacific."

Schiff always insisted that he had again offered to make peace if Hill would permit the Union Pacific to share control of the Burlington.

Schiff informed Hill on Friday night (May 3) that Union Pacific already controlled about 370,000 of Northern Pacific common and about 420,000 of the preferred—a total of approximately $79,000,000 on a basis of par valuation. Taken together, this was a clear majority of the two classes of stock. Taken separately, though, the Harriman alliance lacked some 30,000 to 40,000 shares of a majority of the common stock.

Harriman knew this and it worried him. He knew that the preferred stock could be retired at the will of the Northern Pacific directors, leaving control to the common stock. The directors, naturally, were enemies.

He Himself Explained

" . . . prices of Northern Pacific shares had gone so high that I realized the impossibility of buying, in such a market, 40,000 shares of stock. So I determined to go down and see Schiff, find out what it was all about, and fight the question out with what material I had in hand."

Hill and Bacon collaborated in a frantic cable to Morgan. They summarized the situation and asked Morgan's authorization to buy enough shares of Northern Pacific common to give them control. Morgan was about as pleasant as a teething crocodile when he received news of the Harriman raid. On Sunday, May 5th, Bacon got a cable peremptorily instructing him to buy the needed shares "at the market."

The Great "Corner"

On Monday, May 6th, the Morgan-Hill forces sent "Jim" Keene, famous stock manipulator, into the market. By Tuesday night, Keene's swarm of brokers had the 150,000 shares Morgan had ordered—and brought on the swiftest and most paralyzing financial paroxysm the country had ever known.

The conflict was wanton, fostered by the ambitions and vanities of two men—Morgan and Harriman. Both though never publicly admitting it, were afterward thoroughly ashamed. These men trampled ruthlessly upon the rights of the public, bankrupted thousands, depressed values by the hundreds of millions; and almost brought the world in which they lived crashing about their ears.

Henceforth Morgan and Monopoly were synonymous terms. And the issue was soon to be joined: Who shall rule: People or Plutocrats? Wall street or Washington?

However: Northern Pacific common jumped 40 points in two days. By Tuesday night, Morgan had 30,000 shares more than a majority of the common. But Harriman and the Union Pacific controlled a majority of the preferred; and, of the total stock, they had in their possession 781,080 shares—or about 6000 more than one-half.

Now came the most disgraceful episodes in the whole tawdry affair. On Tuesday and Wednesday speculators and the "outside public" sold in expectation of a break. These late-comers believed, of course, that they could buy in later at lower prices and close out their contracts. They were totally unaware that Morgan and Harriman did not intend to take profits but purposed to lock up the actual N. P. shares. On Monday European bankers became alarmed and reversed previous liberal policies on American loans. The Bank of England warned the London joint-stock banks against New York.

On Thursday morning, the 9th day of May, Wall street suddenly awakened to the fact that Northern Pacific was cornered. The stock soared to $1000 a share. The only profit-takers were a few dozen individuals who held tiny lots. Their offerings were but a drop in the bucket. Wall street realized that it had sold millions of dollars worth of N. P. which it did not possess.

Friendly Enemies

It could not get the millions needed to settle. The result was "finance run mad." Cornered brokers either fell into a mental palsy or scrambled madly in a futile effort to protect themselves. "While this was happening to Northern Pacific stock," writes the financial historian, Alexander Noyes, "all other stocks broke violently, declines of 50 per cent or more occurring in many of the soundest shares. It was admitted, afterward, that on the books of the lending banks, and on the basis of the day's low prices for collateral pledged against stock exchange loans, a good part of Wall street was for a couple of hours technically insolvent."

To avoid general ruin the leading banks hastily formed a temporary pool and loaned $20,000,000 to the money market. At the same time, the Morgan and Harriman interests, frightened by the havoc they had wrought, permitted shorts to settle at $150 a share.

It was a sort of foundling panic, this. No one would father it. Both sides were full of specious excuses. Hill blamed the public, saying:

"All I can do is to liken it to a ghost dance. The Indians begin their dance and don't know why they are doing it. They whirl about until they are almost crazy. It is so when these Wall street people get the speculative fever. Perhaps they imagine they have a motive in that they see two sets of powerful interests which may be said to be clashing. Then these outsiders, without rhyme or reason, rush in on one side or the other. They could not tell you why they made their choice, but in they go, and the result is such as has been seen here for the past few days."

A few days after that dreadful May 9th, Hill sauntered into the office of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and asked for Schiff. The senior partner was out. "How is he?" Hill asked Felix Warburg, another partner. "Not very happy," replied Warburg. "Oh," commented Hill, airily. "Schiff takes these things too seriously."

Nor did Harriman seem heartbroken. During the height of the excitement Harriman was operated on for appendicitis. He was a difficult patient and the doctor could keep him quiet only by promising permission for him to use the telephone the moment he came out of the ether. Much to the surprise of those at his bedside, he asked to talk to Hill.

"Hello, is that you, Hill?" he said weakly. "This is Harriman. I just wanted to let you know the operation is over and I am all right."

With a sigh of satisfaction, Harriman sank into his pillows and went to sleep! He and Hill had never been hostile personally. After their first few meetings, they called each other "Ed" and "Jim."

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Morgan, Morgan, the Great Financial Gorgon! The birth of U. S. Steel—in the next Boston Sunday Post.

Nature Played Houdini's Mysterious "Transference" Trick on Magician Himself and Brought About Tragic End

(Continued from Page 7, This Section)

on. I even lost my temper, one thing no mystifier can afford to lose.

"'After what seemed an eternity, numb and fainting, I sank down against the door, my hands clutching the jut of the lock.

"'And the cell door swung open!

"'Prisoners and witnesses, waiting down the corridor, cheered, and the big Irish turnkey caught me up and embraced me in the warmth of his congratulation. I could only thank God for my escape.

"'Later, when I had recovered and was rested, the turnkey took me to one side and said, with a delightful brogue, "It took you nearly three hours to get out of the death cell." "Long enough." I admitted.

"'"Too long," he countered, "seeing the door was not locked."

Left Door Unlocked

"'And the big Irish jailer told me how he took pity on me; he had figured the fetters were enough to get out of, so he had left the cell door unlocked.

"'I had worked three hours,' grinned Harry Houdini, 'trying to force back the lock bolt, and all but caught my death of cold trying it. The only reason I couldn't get the lock open was because it wasn't shut, so that I could not escape—because I was really free all the time.'"

After her experience with Houdini, and somewhat unconsciously under his inspiration, Sophia Kohart went in seriously for the magic and mystery of perfumes and other agencies of beauty. For hasn't perfume made many a plain woman mysterious and magical and irresistible; hasn't it made a monkey—willingly—of many a man? She has her own laboratory, here in Boston, where she conjures her own secrets of bewitching essence.

She is the only woman in Massachusetts who holds two permits for two kinds of alcohol. But don't get excited, for they are both denatured, no good for cocktails, for manufacturing purposes only.

"Houdini, you know," said Sophia Kobart, "was the son of a rabbi, and deeply learned in the secret wisdom of the ancient ones of his race, the Kabbala, the Torah, the Talmud. You must remember Longfellow's poem; 'Have you read in the Talmud of old in the legends the rabbins have told of the limitless realms of the air? Have you read it, the marvelous story of Sandolphon, the Angel of Glory, of Sandolphon, the Angel of Prayer? How, erect, on the outermost gates of the City Celestial he waits, with his feet on the Ladder of Light . .'

"He had a marvelous library of mysticism and magic, which he left to the Library of Congress, but the books he prized most were the old, old fragile, leather-bound books of wisdom in Hebrew script of thousands of years ago, the Talmud which his father had in the old days. These went back to his father's temple on Harry Houdini's death.

Destruction of Fear

"And among his other books, there was an old volume of the mystical etchings of William Blake, of which he was very fond. One of these drawings is called 'Death's Door,' picturing an old man, with a crutch, bending down to enter the gate of the tomb, just such a prison as Houdini had so often broken free from. But in Blake's picture, above in circling rays of heavenly light, is the soul, the real man, escaped and on top of the prison of the tomb ready to rise and walk free and immortal.

"I often think that Houdini's magic, his escapes, were more than tricks to him, rather the destruction of the idea of fear, the affirmation that man was really free and not to be bound by any material thing, even by death.

"And I like to think of him now." said Sophia Kohart, his friend and nurse at the last, "as the great New England poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, described that angelic magician, Sandolphon—

"How, erect, at the uttermost Gates,
Of the City Celestial he waits,
And he gathers the prayers as he stands
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the Portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed."

ASTHMA

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"If You Want to Be a Happy Husband, Boss the Wife,"—Prof. Rogers of M. I. T.

In the good old days a young lady wanted a broad-shouldered, rugged, he-man on whom she could lean in times of tribulation and who was gentesily gallant in social life.

(Continued from First Page, This Section.)

dun and dreary, which men fight to lay aside, which these feminists show the rare poor judgment of aping.

"Then, take women's party clothes: bright, cheerful, of satin and silk and lace and velvet; joyous, with imagination. Can you fancy a reasonable creature casting these lovely garments aside, to wear the old black stuff? I cannot. Yet that's what the feminists are doing—or almost.

And Companionate Marriage—Bunk!

"But, recently, they have succumbed to other nonsense. Companionate marriage, for instance. The toshiest of tosh. Can you mention one such marriage that has been successful? They are a backward step for woman, yet these spurious feminists claim to believe they are a step forward.

"The companionate idea may sound well in print if you read fast, but it is dead against all the instinctive feelings of a wife's heart, and it never will be the rule as long as marriages remain reasonably happy.

"If I were a girl today, and a man came courting, I would make myself into the best imitation of grandma I knew how. I would insist upon his paying me the most deferential attention. I would insist upon the most expensive engagement ring, the best seats at the theatre, a wedding ring with the costly circlet studded with diamonds, and—after the marriage—I would harness him up to pay for the best radio and parlor furniture and lace curtains it was reasonable to expect of the brute. This is woman's wisest way. The more expensive you are to him, dear lady, the more he will regard you. What costs us dear, we all of us incline to hold dearly.

"We hear it said, even today, that no woman ever wrote a really great play, or painted a great masterpiece, or built a famous cathedral. Why? Don't you imagine that there must have been some poems written by women in those feudal days when the lord did not write at all, and considered it woman's task to put pen to paper? And can't you imagine the great brute tearing up or forbidding any prolonged creative work which kept his woman from child-bearing and husband coddling and lady-like embroidery? I can. But when the men really started to consider creative things, did they not also come out with a false and ridiculous philosophy of what they were pleased to call the ladylike?

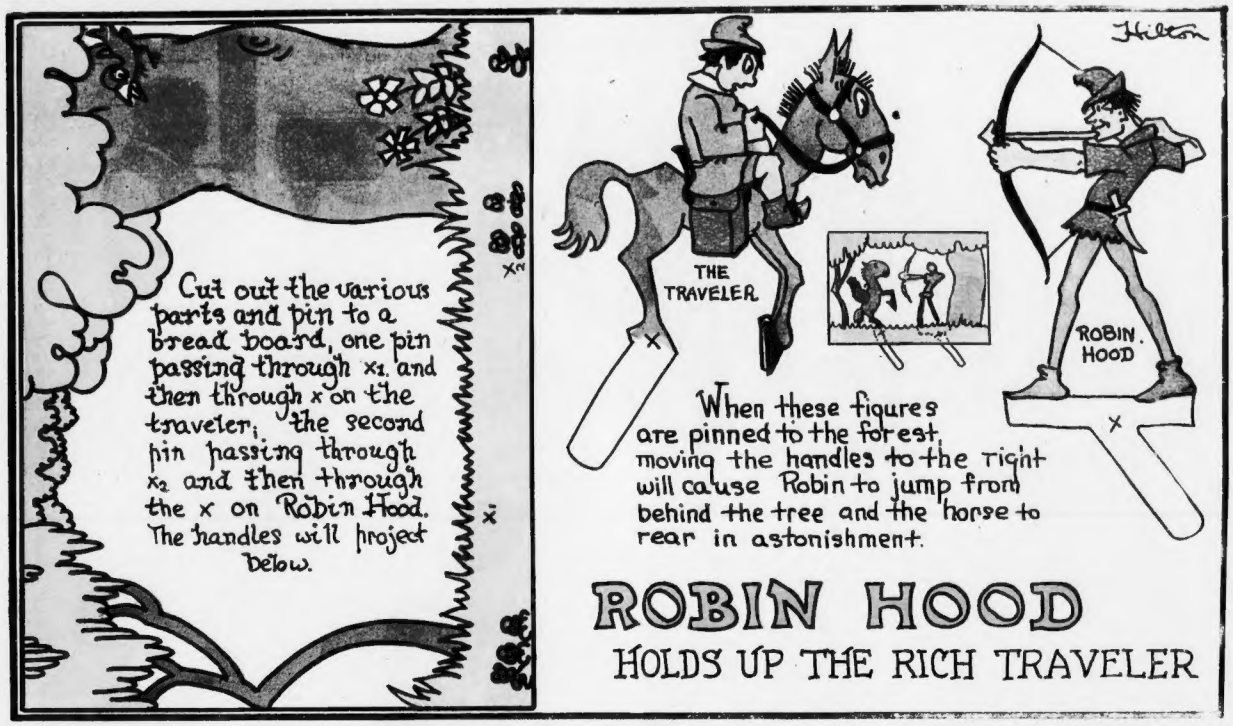
Remember Grandma's Style, Girls

"Didn't they say it was ladylike for women to stay at home and practise sewing and housewifery, while they created the art of the world? And what would have happened, almost down to today, to the women rebels? Domination and force, brought to bear by the heavily-muscled lords of creation. So, were I a marriageable girl today, I would not try to express woman's new freedom by feminism, or wearing men's clothes, or insisting upon signing my own name to the hotel register, or entering a companionate marriage, like a poor, silly goose. Instead, I would insist upon every old-fashioned feminine prerogative on the calendar.

"Look at some of our own ladies—Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. Kathleen Norris, Eva Le Gallienne. One a most successful wife, whose husband's career was largely helped by her infectious smile and unobtrusive friendliness. Kathleen Norris—one of the most successful wives and mothers in America, as well as a successful novelist. She has had from her life what the feminists crave, but would Mrs. Norris ever confess to feminism? Never. Eva Le Gallienne—a notable career, in early youth, yet so devoted is she to it that she never had time to wear clothes not suited to her sex, nor wave the flag of women's rights. Which leads to my golden text—the genuine feminists of America are the ladies who never thought of the subject: successful wives, mothers and 'careerists,' they would deny the charge of feminism if it were made.

"For, I am convinced woman's real progress will be enhanced by a conscientious cultivation of feminine virtues for the next 2500 years. If, at the end of that time, she has developed the muscles of men, she may fight her way to eminence via the road of brawn. But, until then, let her cultivate all the sweet graces of femininity. And let the silly feminists go as they may, along a stupid, winding road that leads them nowhere."

Make Robin Hood Leap Out From Behind the Tree and Capture the Traveller


Cut out the various parts and pin to a bread board, one pin passing through x1 and then through x on the traveler; the second pin passing through x2 and then through the x on Robin Hood. The handles will project below.
THE TRAVELER
ROBIN HOOD
When these figures are pinned to the forest, moving the handles to the right will cause Robin to jump from behind the tree and the horse to rear in astonishment.
Hilton

ROBIN HOOD HOLDS UP THE RICH TRAVELER

DOT, Who Served As "Eyes" for a Blind Clergyman

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

HER name was "Dot." She was a police dog. She belonged to the Rev. R. A. Blair, a clergyman who lived near Pittsburg, Penn.

Mr. Blair was stricken with blindness during a missionary sojourn in China. Undiscouraged, even when he learned that his affliction was irremediable, he came back to America, where he set only learned to read by the Braille method, but mastered the use of the typewriter. Next he secured the pastorate of a thriving church.

Where lesser men would have repined at the hideous tragedy that had befallen him, he braced himself heroically to cope with the new conditions.

Then he hit upon an idea of making his blindness even less of a handicap to his work and to his life. The notion came to him while he was listening to the reading of a newspaper.

That same day he typed a letter to Dr. Morris S. Frank, managing director of "The Seeing Eye," an institution devoted to helping the blind. The letter read, in part:

"A Pittsburg paper this morning contained an item that you had secured a shepherd dog from Germany that led you around and made you independent of help. It also said other dogs were coming over, and a lady was coming to give instructions to both men and dogs.

"I have been blind for three years. My wife, who took me around at first, is now an invalid. My daughter, who reads to me, is a cripple. It might be impossible for me to get a dog or the paper may have overstated the matter. But I would like to know, as it would be a great blessing to me."

The upshot of the request was that a police dog was soon provided for Mr. Blair—a dog that had been trained as a special school for just the kind of work required by the blind.

Mr. Blair, as well as the dog, had to have special training, for the two had to become friends, first, and then be taught how to work together. He was so lucky as to secure a beautiful female police dog named "Dot," whose preliminary education was complete and who needed only to be "worked out" with her new owner.

She did her duty in gallant fashion.

First the clergyman was taught to drive—or, rather, to accompany—Dot. This was done by equipping her with a special harness, which had fastened to it a V-shaped leash of tough leather.

The apex of this leash was held by Mr. Blair in the left hand, with a grip as alert and sensitive as though he were "Feeling out the mouth" of a spirited horse. By means of the several different motions of this leash, Mr. Blair communicated his wishes to the dog.

It was a perfect system of signaling, a system which Dot had been taught beforehand, and which her new owner was quick to learn. By means of it, Dot's pace could be regulated, as well as her direction, etc.

The pronged leash was adjusted to a length which brought Dot's hip to within touching distance of Mr. Blair's knee, at his left side. (As she walked on his left, her master was less likely to collide with persons on the street who might pass the two from an opposite direction. Thus Dot was a buffer between him and counter-traffic.)

Dot was taught to travel at a fast walk, keeping the leash taut enough to enable her to feel the slightest signal communicated through it, and yet not yanking at it or hurrying Mr. Blair unduly. In his right hand, as an additional guide, the blind clergyman carried a light cane.

On reaching the curbstone, at street corners, Dot had been taught to come to an instant halt, and to remain thus until her master could feel the curb-edge with his cane and could calculate how far forward and down he must step.

When traffic was approaching from either direction, at such corners, Dot sat down. This was a signal to Mr. Blair not to try to go ahead until she got up again. It was the same whenever there was any such obstacle as a box on the middle of the sidewalk, or a knot of people standing still and talking.

To prevent her owner from colliding with such obstructions, Dot would sit patiently until he was ready to be guided around them.

When Mr. Blair wandered too close to trees or telephone poles or awning-rods or other objects at the edges of the sidewalk, Dot was ready to warn him. This she did by pulling sharply in the opposite direction, so that he might make a detour and not run into the obstacle.

It was the same when they came to a flight of steps. By a prearranged maneuver the dog gave notice of them. In brief, Dot was eternally on the lookout for possible mishap to the man who depended on her to serve him in place of the eyes he had lost.

She had also learned to obey immediately such words of command as "Right," "Left," "Stop" and "Forward." Obedience, plus brains, was the keynote of her work.

Naturally, it was necessary for Mr. Blair to spend some time, under patient tuition, to learn these same things, even as it is necessary for a beginner to learn to drive before he can draw rein independently over even the most tractable horse.

But in a week or two he was proficient in this new art of being led. By that time, too, he and Dot were pals. Each loved and trusted the other.

I am going to quote a letter written by Mr. Blair to a friend, two or three months after he had taken home the wise dog which acted as "eyes" for him.

"Dot and I have been getting on very well indeed, and creating some sensation. We walk about 15 blocks in the morning and go calling in the afternoons and evenings. Monday afternoon we went to visit some people who are leaving town. They live a mile and a quarter from here and the road has all kinds of turns. Dot and I arrived there and walked up onto the porch and knocked at the door, without help from anyone.

"Dot took me to church, Sunday morning, guiding me to the pulpit, and lying at my feet there while I preached from the text: 'The Lord hath need of them!'

"Harmony and confidence reign between us. Life takes on a new angle and the horizon widens for me. Quietly I have found that my dog has attained her true place—that of guide, philosopher and friend."

I suppose it cannot have been wholly pleasant for Dot to devote her days to pacing slowly along crowded streets, with Mr. Blair, and to keep every sense on the alert to avert danger from him, instead of romping across country meadows and hunting rabbits and squirrels or snoozing happily in the sun.

But she did her duty in gallant fashion, cheerily sacrificing good times to a life of service. How many humans could do more?

"New Girdle and Sash Effects Take Their Colorful Motif from Algeria," Sylvestre Dorian

BY SYLVESTRE DORIAN
(Director of the Paris Fashion Service.)

IT IS interesting to note the effect which the forthcoming French Colonial Exposition is having on style.

Although this exposition does not open officially until May, the couturiers have for some months past been adopting motifs inspired by the native costumes of North Africa, as well as the distant French Indo-China.

The bright colors that are so popular with white just now are known as Algerian colors, and take their inspiration from the warm reds and yellows of Morocco and Algeria. In the new girdle and sash effects that almost all houses are sponsoring this spring, we see another Oriental inspiration. As a mater of fact, it might be said that the whole new color trend is closely related to the interest in Colonial designs and coloring.

Rich, Strong Color

For as you know, the French colonies are on the northern shore of Africa, with the exception of French Indo-China, which is very definitely oriental. There is among the natives of these countries a love of rich, strong color and of primitive design that is making itself strongly felt at the present time, particularly in sports clothes, which lend themselves to brilliant effects. Already on the Riviera there has been a tremendous interest in white offset by bright reds, oranges and greens, either alone or in combination, and this influence will undoubtedly continue right on into the summer. The note of brilliant color will take the form of a scarf, or a girdle, tied loosely on one hip, or it will be a twisted belt that unites several colors, and sharply contrasts with the neutral tone of the frock.

Sometimes these bright color notes are introduced on flatly in the form of braided strips of silk, and give the feeling of native turbans. Thus far this bright-color note has been confined largely to accents, where it is by far the most effective. When used with white, as is frequently done, or with black or navy blue, the multicolored effect is very successful.

It is interesting to follow the Colonial theme through several collections. Some couturiers reject it almost entirely, others take it up and follow it through with many variations. I saw a clever indication of it in the Suzanne Talbot collection. She has a whole group of sport and daytime dresses made of rough rustic appearing fabrics, that suggest very clearly the loose weaves worn by the natives of Morocco and Algiers.

It will be worth while to watch further developments of this Colonial note in styles, once the exposition is actually opened and visitors from all over the world arrive to study the offerings of these little known lands. I look for some very definite style changes as a result.

Formal Pajamas Popular

A phase of the mode that becomes increasingly popular is the pajama vogue. The more formal version of this style is being accepted in smart circles, and couturiers inspired by this interest are showing new and more intricate models, in the most luxurious materials. As a matter of fact, it is almost impossible to tell when an evening model is skirted, or when it is trousered, for the newest pajama legs are so wide and so almost concealed that it is not easy to identify them. It is often only when a young woman begins to dance that one realizes that she is wearing pajama. To make identification still more difficult, the newest pajamas are often veiled with a transparent material, or there is a long jacket that comes down over the hips in the back.

The newest collection of the Paris couturiers have re-emphasized the pajama interest, and developed it to a high point. It will be interesting to watch the acceptance of this style theme. You remember perhaps how long the beach pajama was in coming into its own. Now it is worn everywhere by practically every woman who goes near the water. Whether evening pajamas will ever have this wide acceptance is a question that may occur to your minds.

For informal evening wear, they have been very popular this winter along the Riviera, and I understand they are equally popular in America in the resorts.

Many Beautiful Models

Lucile Paray, whose showing is always watched with interest, stressed the formal type of pajama in her February opening. The bodice of these costumes followed the usual silhouette of evening gowns with draped or scarf necklines and with the normal waistline. The trousers were cut to resemble closely a very full skirt and were insep length, or even an inch shorter.

One outstanding model is the costume she has named Isa, made with lustrous black satin trousers, with accordion-pleated fan-shaped sections set on in points. The upper part of the costume is made of seamed diamond shaped sections. Its very simplicity is this costume's chief charm. I saw it recently worn with silver jewelry, and found it most handsome.

The newest pajamas, however, do not confine themselves to the heavier materials like satin, popular as that is. I have seen them in chiffon and lace, as elaborately styled as evening dresses.

One very handsome model worn at an intimate dinner recently had a blouse top of taffeta in a pale greenish tone, with gold threads intertwined through it, in a most beautiful effect. The blouse came well down over the hips, fitting them smoothly. The trousers themselves were made of chiffon, posed over multiple layers of the same soft green color. These trousers were very wide, and flared toward the bottom to almost the identical line that is so often seen in evening frocks.

As a matter of fact, all the details that are used in gowns for evening wear are repeated in this formal type of pajama, and boleros, peplums, jackets, as well as the numerous decolletage effect appear. I shall not be surprised if they receive wide style acceptance.

Not a Bit Afraid of the Cop

Evelyn Keliy is one of the fair American bathers in Havana these days who are lending their fair charms to the little republic in the South while the cold winds blow harshouts. The Cuban policeman was a bit skeptical whether Evelyn's bathing suit was within the law, but after Evelyn showed him how high she could jump over his sabre the law was forgotten. (Int.)

English Mayor Revolts; Will Bounce 'a La' This and 'a La' That From Liverpool Menus

Bostonians will be glad to contribute to a fund in honor of Alderman Edwin Thompson, newly-elected Lord Mayor of Liverpool, Eng.

The Honorable Mr. Thompson, like his Chicago namesake, is going to "reform" things. And such reforms they will be.

While "Big Bill" Thompson is trying to throw English "propaganda" out of the schools, England's Thompson is determined to throw French out of the restaurant menus.

Therefore, roast beef will be roast beef, and simply that on the menus at civic banquets in Liverpool during the coming year.

It is not be something "a la this" or "a la that," but clearly and unashamedly roast beef.

The luxury of knowing what he is eating will thus be afforded to every guest for perhaps the first time in history, says the benefactor.

"I believe," said Alderman Thompson recently, "that when English people are eating in an English town hall English turkeys which have been cooked by English chefs, the menu should admit these facts and not disguise them by the use of another language.

"When I am eating French food in France I like to see the menu in French. Surely it is reasonable to expect English menus to be in English."

Alderman Thompson is also giving a lead to a shorter after-dinner-speeches campaign.

The speeches which he has delivered so far have been models of brevity and wit.

New England Family Coat-of-Arms

Spencer

This family name is also spelled Spenser. It is derived from a Norman French beginning, and the common ancestor of the English families assumed the name of Le Despenser. In Latin "dispensator" means "steward." Le Despenser was steward to the household of William the Conqueror. The family seat at the time of the Conquest was at Stratford, England. "Spence," in the early days was the name for kitchen, and there are many families today who came from the family who took this name.

Jared, son of Michael S., baptized in Stratford, England, in 1578, came to Cambridge, Mass., in 1632 with five sons, of whom John returned to England. Thomas, known as Sergeant Thomas, and William, went to Hartford, Conn., in 1636. Michael located in Haddam, Conn., where his father joined him in 1662.

John, a brother of Jared, took the oath of allegiance at Ipswich, Mass., in 1634.

Michael, a brother of Jared, came to Cambridge, Mass., in 1634, and removed to Lynn, Mass., in 1637.

Thomas, a brother of Jared, became a freeman in Cambridge, Mass., in 1634.

William, a brother of Jared, was made a freeman in Cambridge, Mass., in 1634. He removed to Hartford, Conn., in 1639 and died in 1640.

Roger, a mariner, was in Saco, Me., in 1652 and removed to Charlestown, Mass., in 1653.

Stephen was a resident of Boston, Mass., in 1651.

Thomas was living in Concord, Mass., in 1666.

Abraham was married in Boston, Mass., in 1677.

(Another Coat-of-Arms Next Week.)